

Form 16-20M-12-22-09



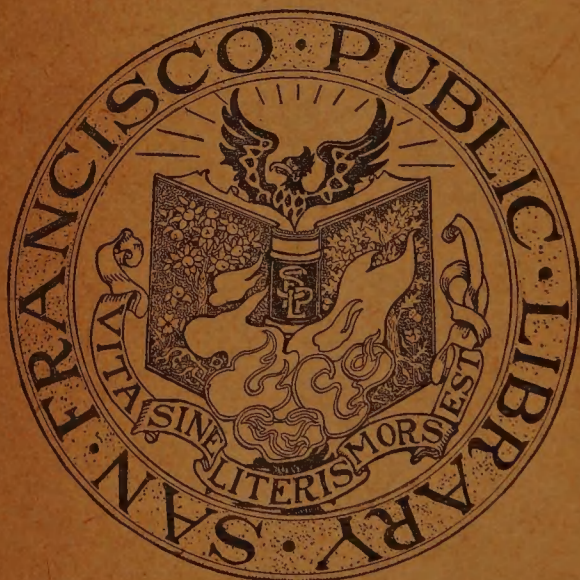
19

Accession

Class

44557 ✓

811 C 549 L





3 1223 03700 3580

Form No. II. 25M. 5-16-10.

San Francisco Public Library

Careful usage of books is expected, and any soiling, injury or loss is to be paid for by the borrower. A fine of five cents will be imposed for each day or fraction thereof that this book is kept overtime.

SEE DATE WHEN DUE BELOW

APR 9

POST OFFICE DEP'T.

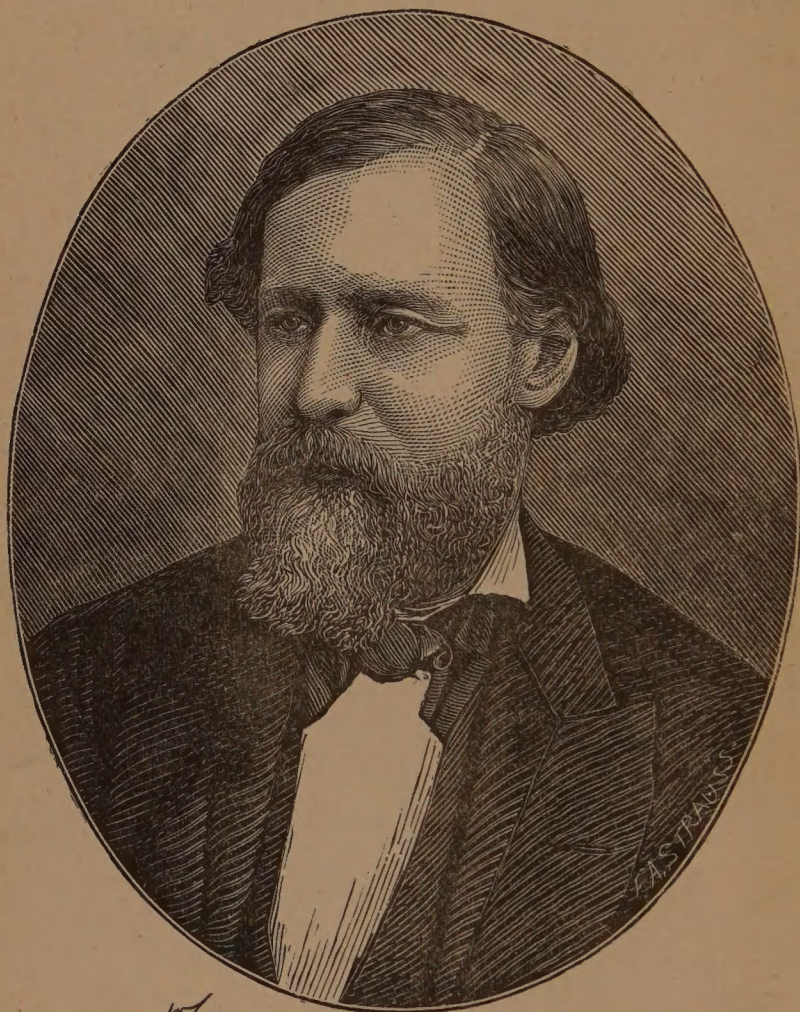
OCT 15 1891

LIBRARY.

POST OFFICE DEP'T.

OCT 15 1891

LIBRARY.



Wm Adolphus Clark

THE LOST LOVE,

And other Verse.

BY

WILLIAM ADOLPHUS CLARK,

AUTHOR OF "THE LEARNED WORLD;" "AGNES FARRIDAY;"

"GEN. GRANT. OR THE STAR OF UNION AND LIBERTY;"

"HARD KNOCKS, OR WHO IS FIRST?" "THE

CANNONADE," ETC., ETC.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

1883.

Copyright, by
WILLIAM ADOLPHUS CLARK,
1883.

WILLIAM ADOLPHUS CLARK

COPIES
OCT 16 1881
NEW YORK

DEDICATION.

To Her,

Whose sweet thoughts were so truthful and pure, and to whom this world was, indeed, a dark valley, from which she passed willingly away,

I dedicate "The Walk,"

written at her instigation, upon whose gentle soul the evil of life hung like a pall.

Beautiful in person as in mind; womanly in all things; never forgetful of others, yet ever true to herself; religious, but not denunciatory

DEDICATION.

of those who held different views from her own ; learned, but not disputative ; counselling, where there would be error and suffering, without it ; caring for no reward but the smiles of Heaven, and the approbation of a noble heart and conscience ;—such was, on Earth, and now is (amid those mansions Christ promised the faithful), this charming woman and generous friend, I thus so imperfectly commemorate.

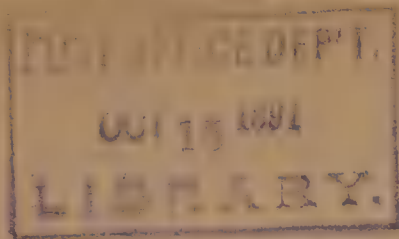
PREFACE.

It is the business of an author, especially, of a satirist, to say much he would gladly not say, if he could be silent, yet be true to himself and the public. His duty is to show all sides of human nature, that it may be known of what manner of make we are. While life continues to be the long sigh that it is, I cannot, as an author, "walk into" the sin which keeps up this condition, too earnestly. Not that I expect to effect much in the way of reform, but, rather, for the satisfaction of trying to.

I can only wish I had a thousand-fold the strength I have for the war I wage against meanness, folly, and error.

W. A. C.

“He that stands to contéplate the crowds that fill the streets of a populous city, will see many passengers whose air and motion it will be difficult to behold without contempt and laughter; but if he examines what are the appearances that thus powerfully excite his risibility, he will find among them neither poverty nor disease, nor any involuntary painful defect. The disposition to derision and insult is awakened by the softness of foppery, the swell of insolence, the liveliness of levity, or the solemnity of grandeur — by the sprightly tip, the stately stalk, the formal strut, and the lofty mien; by gestures intended to catch the eye, and by looks elaborately formed as evidence of importance.” — DR. JOHNSON.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
THE WALK	7
HOMeward BOUND	79
GENIUS; ITS FALL	90
THE LOST LOVE	101
STATE STREET	119

FUGITIVE PIECES.

TO CHARLES LYMAN	149
TO MRS. I—H R—I	150
Lines ON A CROSS	152
TO MRS. DR. T—E	158
DEATHBED OF A MOTHER	161
IN MEMORIAM	168
DEW-DROPS	169
THE BUD	171
BRIGHT EYES	173
TO THE SPIRIT OF A FATHER	175
THE ARTIST TRUE	182
THE LOVER'S FAREWELL	186
THE EVENING STAR	187
THE PURE IN HEART	190
THE RECLUSE	193
MY MOTHER'S SMILE	197
MUSIC'S CHARMS	200
MISS K—Y	202

	PAGE.
BROOKSIDE	203
THE WEALTH OF SONG	205
IN MEMORIAM	207
TO I—A; A SONG	210
THE SEA-SHORE	213
TO SARAH	216
TO ONE UNKNOWN	221
TO EARNESTINE	223
TO A FAIR GERMAN LADY	229
ERIN AND LIBERTY	232
TO EARNESTINE	235
TO AUGUSTA	237
THE TOMB	242
SHIP "HARD TIMES"	246
GEORGE ELIOT'S GRAVE	253
THE INDEPENDENT COMPANY OF CADETS	255
ROCK OF AGES	262
TO MISS FANNY K—R.	264
TO CARRIE	266
THE GRIEF STRICKEN	269
TO CORA	272
THE MINSTREL'S POWER.	275
THE LOST AT SEA	277
WHERE IS MY LITTLE DOG	279
THE POET'S DREAM	281
TO A LOVELY LADY	284
THE CURSE OF SIN	295
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN	298
TO OUR BABE	308
TO HATTIE H—N	311
ODD FOLKS	315
TO M'LE MARIE	371
WHAT PAYS	379

THE WALK.

'Tis meet that those who look at men and things,
Take note of humbug and the gain it brings,
Should give the public at convenient times,
A peep with them that they may learn betimes,
How little sense it doth in truth require,
To be of mark in those who dare aspire —
And who dare not though brainless as a bat,
If by pretension they can “cut it fat”?

Such hath been and such will ever be,
Whilst man is sovereign, in fancy free,

What! who shall dare to say yon ragged boy,
May not be Hector of some modern Troy?
What! who shall dare to say "our noble schools,"
May not insure the wisest men of fools?
Take but the boy and cram his head with facts,
Then watch their fitful progress into acts—
Acts, ye great gods! nor judge nor jury know,
To construe truly, or to well bestow,
So subtle, scholarly, direct their force,
They can't be wrong; they must be right of course!
Yes, educate both black, and white, and gray,
That they may flourish at a future day;
Tell them they've naught to do but live and learn,
To be dashing heroes, demigods, in turn!
They'll learn—O, yes! they'll study night and day,
To be a somebody on life's highway.

They'll push and jostle where they should be still,
That all may feel their independent will !
They've been to school — have learned to read
and write,
To play at push-pins, marbles, fly the kite ;
They've read the Constitution and 'tis plain,
They have not read this document in vain ;
For they will push directly on to power,
And hanged be he who praises fails to shower.

“A little learning is a dangerous thing ;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.”
Think not, good sirs, because ye make a speech,
Build houses, ships, sell rags, and humbug teach,
That ye can play the statesman passing well,
And rule a nation as fops cut a swell.

O, no ! be modest ; let true genius do
The work too intricate, too 'cute for you.
If well-to-do, ah ! be thy thrifty gains,
More dear to thee than false Ambition's pains ;
Do not thyself befool by seeking fame,
To which, through *learning*, others lay a claim.
Be modest, and think not who makes blue pill,
Is therefore qualified to draw a bill.
Laws, to be sound with skilful wit must be,
Prepared by legal ingenuity.
Yet who — O, who ? — in this, our land of schools,
Is not as competent as he who rules ?
The public business is done with ease,
And those who do it must the rabble please.
All all are quite *au fait* at playing high
From petty trader, cheating all who buy ;

So 'tis not strange our state and nation feel,
The pressing terrors of their wayward zeal.
Instinctive freemen never can be wrong,
So go it asses! drag the laws along!
We'll cut the traces when we think 'tis wise,
To save our body politic its eyes.

Sages have said in every age that rule,
Is Wisdom's privilege, not the right of fool;
But we well planted in this western world,
Give office freely to the knave or churl;
Nor think 'tis well a gentleman to be,
If we would rise on wings of liberty.
"Well, be it so," exclaims some lofty soul,
Which from its study scans our surging whole,
"Let little men and upstarts have their day;

The time will come when talent shall have sway —
When genius true shall claim its right to rule,
And sit where those now only play the fool.
O, speed those days, those halcyon days of sense,
When virtuous men shall find due recompense;
When those well-bred and thorough-born shall be,
The men of mark in high authority!
Then Art shall flourish, manners be at par,
And public honors not audacious air."

I am republican : the best of kings,
From virtue and from virtue only springs;
But while I love a liberal form of law,
The "great unwashed" its tyrant sway deplore.
Who has not felt Death's fatal seed to be
Herein — a gloomy, stern reality?

The "great unwashed" by demagogues addressed,
A fearful power is in watchful rest,
That strengthens and alarms as Time wears on,
And Sin increases with each setting sun.
These "bones and sinews," poorly clad and proud,
At all times saucy, ever talking loud,
Guided and governed by Ambition's rage,
May do such deeds as blot historic page.
Be it the duty, then, of this fair land,
Ever to place the honest in command, —
At every post, though humble its degree,
A freeman worthy of Thermopylæ!
The "great unwashed" and demagogues should see,
That Virtue means the governing force to be;
Then will they feel a wholesome awe of power,
That seeks to rule not for the passing hour,

But for all time that Liberty may stand,
Indeed a goddess in our favored land.

And now, kind friends, let's stay a moment here,
Close by this doorway where the crowd appear.
Observe the street where, passing to and fro,
Commoners, statesmen, beggars, harlots go.
Here we will note the various hues of life,
And speak of those the busiest in the strife.
Look where comes Dives, he of money made,
With banks familiar, great in things of trade.
Mark well his step, his eyes, his mien entire,
And say if aught could e'en respect inspire;
Say if the brute more than the deathless soul,
Is not expressed in that disgusting whole.
Look at the lips and read their lettered scorn



POST OFFICE DEPT.

LIBRARY.

Of Right that mingles not with moneyed Wrong;
See how the cheeks are muscled o'er with dread,
Of doing aught by which the poor are fed.
Yet this man thinks he is indeed a god,
Though but a snob, to whom the snobby nod.
O Snobbery! how thick thy dwellings are,
Arrayed so costly with a foreign air!
Go where we will some airy jack stalks by;
The sidewalk fills with his immensity;
The pure air scents with tan or some such thing;
His fortune's lovely ever-bubbling spring.
O Murder! let it not be thought amiss
To shout "Assassin!" and to greet with hiss,
These characters who fame and fortune rear
By artful dodging — th' widow's, orphan's tear.
Call ye such first? Their wives and daughters pay

The honor due to Christian charity?

Call ye such first, who live to blight the good

Around their path, in striving to be wooed

By fops and nimble fools, whose brains are crammed

With notions soft, that signalize the damned?

Is heartless pride forever to be first

Because it swells until, at length, 'twill burst?

Forbid it, Heaven! implant in man the will,

To honor nothing got of crime and ill;

Bless him with truth and move him to despise,

The pomp and vanity which worldlings prize.

Let each and all who value virtue fly,

The moneyed upstart's false gentility.

Genteel indeed! By legal theft to gain

That which with others should for aye remain;

To place in silks on wife's and daughter's back,

That they may flourish at the gay Almack;
Living in mansions loaded o'er with pride,
Scornful of those who in less style reside.
Genteel indeed! it is the meanest guilt,
Allied to that which Jesus' blood has spilt.
No man or woman blessed with plenteous store,
Should broken hearts and credits gone ignore.
Misfortune's tear is not without its claim,
And should not fall on Christian soil to shame.
Genteel indeed! O, what a base pretence,
To dazzle fools! And rogues a pleasing sense,
Of their own foulness doth it kindly raise,
To be so fondled and beset with praise.

See, here comes one whose dark and bilious phiz,
Is as a sea of surging sophistries —

A leader of the bar whose silvery tongue,
Persuasive through th' resounding court-rooms
rung.

Nor cares this Jupiter 'gainst whom he pleads ;
His fame must live, it matters not who bleeds.
Mark well his form, his step, his solemn face,
And in it all his noble being trace.
What power was his ! He swayed the human mind,
Against the right a verdict oft to find.
Why may not wit with goodness be allied —
The lawyer's interest be the Christian's pride ?
Why should a man because in law supreme,
Confuse the right or heartless monster seem ?
What's Fame apart from God's most perfect law,
To love thy neighbor, and assist the poor ?
What is it worth when Death steps in to claim,

The brightest glories of the brightest name?

What boots it then who praised or loved us here,

If we have lived regardless of a tear?

But look where saunters carelessly along,

One who is known in fair dramatic song;

He's vain enough to think himself a Rowe,

Æschylus, a Piron, or Marivaux —

Compiles a play from English, Dutch, and French,

And acts as saucy as a kitchen wench;

Astonished at the cry about his ears,

“Be honest, sir; dig onions, or pick pears;

Write squibs, not plays; the drama let alone —

’Tis cursed enough by fellows of your tone.”

The city swarms with writers such as these,

Presuming wits of various degrees.

In poetry, painting, sculpture, and romance,

This trash we see "as spoonies in a dance."

"Art, art!" they bawl; "make way for the artist
there,

The man of men, the fairest of the fair!"

O humbug, humbug! when will these attain,

To know in Art a fraud must work in vain?

Ah! when shall cease this foolish strife with Wit,

And Genius only in her chair shall sit?

O, when will fools bow low their heads in shame,

And leave those paths the gifted rightly claim?

Lo, in their carriage so serenely placed,

Are they who pride themselves as strictly chased!

The hauteur mark which sits upon their brows,

The mock majestic way they bow to those!

Who sees not at a glance what all this means —
They've gone to luxuries from pork and beans!
And so their heads they toss up high and say,
“Get out, O Meanness, from our royal way!”
Ah, ye of wealth who would indeed be great,
Sweet Virtue prize, with her as favorites rate;
'Twill give thee peace, and teach thee to prepare
For that great change, the graveyard yonder there.

Two demagogues now see, the rabble's pride,
In passions villanous most deeply dyed;
They strut along as though “to cut a swell,”
Must in their favor ever greatly tell;
The People are to them a hateful fact,
For whose best good they'd have us think they act;
The public pap they spoon with dexterous hand,

And for "a job" they ever ready stand ;
Their vote and influence go where sales are high,
Which any one with cash can easy buy ;
They steal whatever they can't get otherwise,
And honest dealing heartily despise ;
They practise villany with dear delight,
And keep in office through their villain's might.

Those passing now are military braves,
Colonels and majors, worthy honored graves.
I should suppose, to hear their gallant talk,
That soldiers' duty is a holy walk,
To kill by rule, to glory in the slain,
The highest point that manhood can attain.
"The cat will mew, the dog will have his day,"
So gents in feathers strut and pass away.

But here comes one whose name shall never die,
Whose deeds are glorious in the public eye.
Long may he live to point the way to truth,
A bright example to aspiring youth !
No Cleon he, the rabble to mislead,
And by misrule intestine war to breed.
How marked the contrast here between this sage
And demagogues, whose policy is rage !
The one his country serves for its best good ;
The other'd blast her for his daily food.
A trading politician, what cares he
For civil or religious liberty ?
Give him his bread and meat, enough of rum,
And naught cares he how soon may chaos come.
O, would the people might these pests ignore,
That we may have fraternal strife no more ;

Would that such minds as Webster's, Clay's might
reign,

The People's love, the People's mighty gain.

I stood one bright and genial summer day,
By Webster's tomb, beside our noble Bay ;
And as I scanned the record of his days,
I thought " how much to his eternal praise !"
I thought of Choate, who stood beside his bier,
And eulogized his deeds, known far and near,
With that sweet eloquence which touches all,
And at which strains the honest tear will fall ;
I thought of that great heart, as cold it lay,
Mouldering there, to slimy worms a prey—
How it had beat to Sorrow's bitter sigh,
How it was broken when he came to die !





His much-loved country which he served so well,
Dealt him a blow, bewildered, then he fell ;
That proud, astute, far-seeing soul no more,
Appeared to men as it appeared before ;
The *insult* to his vitals slowly crept,
His noble pride o'er this mean treatment wept !
That honor *merited*, was not for him,
The *smaller* men could better play to *win* !
No chance for it had he as yet received,
As Chief of those in whom he had believed ;
They worked him hard, they stung him with neglect,
Which genius may from heartless crowds expect !
But these — his friends ! who thus ignored his claims,
Were scattered soon, and scattered, now, remains ;
The name of Whig for Pig should ever stand, —
A party dead ! forsaken through the land !

With error *crazed*, they struck their idol dead,

“But I still live!” the mighty thinker said.

Yes, still he lives, and will a power be,

To guide us yet in dread extremity!

As sweep the winds from off the heaving Bay,

And round the Tomb in gentle currents play,

They seem unto the listening ear to bear,

These words of him, at peace forever there;

Of him whose honored dust we all revere,

And love to come in mem’ry of it, here!

“Ah, sir, thine eyes are filled with tears, I see,

Thou wouldst have had me for thy Chief to be,

Thou knowest that the Nation which he loved

And ever faithful served, an ingrate proved!

Nor stood for him when he aspired to rise,

And fill that place—the statesman’s dearest prize!

But mourn not, sir, for no man can succeed,
Who will not be as pliant as the reed ;
Who acts from motives pure, mad factions
spurn,

On duty bent, a statist just and firm..

Remember, sir, it is the lot of man,
To work unthanked, and fail how wise his plan,
The grateful *would*, but *rarely* can they sway,
Those served by Genius to its worth repay.

Although ingratitude he had to bear,
To others fall an equal bitter share,
Yet, tho' his country was unjust to him,
She had his love despite her grievous sin ;
And still is loved ; while he not now of earth,
Adorns a state of more perfected truth !

Be ye at peace ; forget the wrong she done,

To her devoted, noble, native son !

He who his country serves, must learn to bear

With patient mind, each unrequited care.

Farewell, good sir, thy tears no more should fall,

For God dispenses good and ill to all."

" Ah, yes, most true ; unquestioned tis by me ;"

Then, I recalled, " Still, still I live," said he.

But look ! where boldly struts in gay attire,

The dandy sons of too indulgent sire ;

They know some Latin, but much less of Greek,

And some Philosophy and French can speak ;

To form a judgment from their pert, proud air,

'Tis plain with no one would they deign compare.

The man of twenty-one from College spawned,

If he's a flat, needs ever to be warned ;

For ere he learns to guide himself with sense,
He dies, is buried at his friends' expense.

Ah, here walks one so very wise and fat,
An Alderman is he with "bran-new hat."
Beside him is a Common-Councilman,
With papers grave—in "cheek" beat him who can;
He's quite as windy as a north-west blow,
And that's not worth a rush which he don't know;
He deems himself an orator and sage,
To be passed down upon a living page;
But women laugh at him and will not wed,
"One who in love is like a lump of lead."

Again look yonder, what a surge she makes,
As thro' the crowd she winds, her silk dress shakes;

Her bold air mark, her careless, sensual eye,
The painted harlot's padded form descry;
No lady fine is better dressed than she,
No lady fine is paid more gallantry.
"The solid men" with e'en good buxom wives,
Are prone to visit where the harlot hives;
There's not, perhaps, a den of vice all free,
From patrons such as these — at least to see!
'Tis love of charity! O, nothing more,
Harlots must live and some one pay the score.
A pity 'tis when such give way to sin,
For they have wives who ought to hold them in.
Who knows not woman penniless will find,
Relief in way most easy and most kind;
She'll not unto the needle willing go,
Since working hard she thinks severest woe,

Not oft affording skilful hand the pay,
To clothe the body, keep the honest way.
Then should it much surprise that girls will stray,
From Virtue's paths most recklessly away,
That through our streets walk women bold and bad,
Eager to trap the gay admiring lad,
That e'en some girls who are quite well-to-do,
Should work reject to gain the harlot's due?
Ah, no, the only wonder is that more,
Desert not Truth for Falsehood's fatal door!
What shall be done to stay this sinful life,
To save the weak engaged in such a strife?
Protect them, ay, protect, and by our laws,
Compel just aid in Virtue's holy cause;
Pay well for work where women are employed,
And force all up to what they would avoid;

Good homes erect where suffering worth may fly,
And on the breast of sweet protection lie;
Yes, paying work! it is their natural due,
No country's human to this cause untrue.

But see! where yonder steps a loving maid,
Whose life is given to the needy's aid;
She feels Sin's weight that rests upon mankind,
And goeth gently broken hearts to find.
Ah, many loving acts she does each day,
Where Grief strikes deep and Hope's without a ray;
Her gentle voice and treatment kind restore,
That trust in God these sorrowing hearts gave o'er.

Quite near to her there walks a lady true,
Whose blood is gentle, soul of godly hue;



She sees the wanton bold, the gay coquette,
Who spurns her counterpart and loves a pet.
Our lady true wipes from her eyes a tear,
That Virtue like to Vice doth oft appear ;
She sees pass by her now a man of God,
And sighs no doubt for Aaron's magic rod,
To touch this fellow merry, fat, and tall,
And bring him to the likeness of a Paul !
These early fathers living as they preach
Our modern Doctors should their duty teach.
Ah, who with hearts not harder than a steel,
Can tearless view what all a sorrow feel !

Look we again — see, see those actors pass,
Who call the author walking by an ass !
Because he urged their manager to do,

A play he wrote entitled "'Tis my Pew ;"

Actors I think the gayest men in town,

Who do their best to keep an author down.

There gliding by are they who run the press,

So rarely known to have e'en time to dress ;

They seem to say, " We think for those who can't,

And should for nothing in the wide world want ;"

They have the track and o'er it drive with speed,

And laugh at those who for their pleasure bleed.

They look at times a little Greene, but still,

They are majestic in their vigorous will ;

They make fat livings through the fat of type,

And " go it blind " whatever is their stripe ;

It's hit or miss, accursed be all who say,

The Press is not the glory of the day !

Look now and quickly! see that booby there,
The corner turn with such a lordly air;
A modern Greek — a pig without a tail!
But with its filth, the cleanly much bewail;
His pride is trebled in his elder born,
Who for plebeians has no word but scorn:
“Get from my way, or I will dash you down;
Beware, I say, how you incur my frown!
You are a serf — a villain! I am some;
Must have obedience, villain — yes, I vum!”
But thanks to Liberty I pelt all fools,
Fearing no rack, defiant of their rules;
And pelt I will while sly and silken jacks,
Ride into notice on their betters’ backs.

But look again, and see in contrast strong,
To this big booby who just passed along,

The modest scholar whose imperial head,
By Nature made so, is in all things read;
Who writes with elegance and speaks with power,
Who ne'er was known at Truth's stern front to
 cower.

A Whipple-tree so needed for the team,
Is as this genius to the scholar's dream!
Would I could say as much for all who claim,
In Literature's broad field an honored name;
Would that bold quacks were never rampant here,
To draw from all the flow of pity's tear.
Of all the blockheads, in each walk of life,
None are so wilful as who swell this strife;
The hardest task which men on men impose,
Is teaching fools that duckweed's not a rose;
Though learned they are they cannot understand,

Why some is fruitful, some is barren land ;
But write they will and lecture when they can,
Which proves a monkey is at times a man !
Yes, write they will and lecture all around,
Where wits are scarce and anything goes down !!

Ah, here is one whose graceful bearing wins,
Him hosts of friends despite his public sins ;
His smiles are sunshine and his words they flow,
As o'er the glassy tides a boat will go ;
He bears a name of which the State is proud,
Once only shaded by a passing cloud ;
But with his life will terminate its power,
No son succeeding can defend the tower !
'Twill stand for ages, but without a light,
To keep its glory ever near in sight ;

No son succeeding can its keeper be,

A lady's man, a trifier only he.

See, where walk with measured, haughty tread,

Two lovely girls in Fashion highly bred ;

The beaux delight them, they the beaux entrance,

Who squeeze them tightly in the mazy dance ;

Their noblest thought and highest aim in life,

Is maiden's dullness to exchange for wife ;

They care not who the chosen man may be,

So he is rich and of first family.

Their time is spent in foolish fancies wild,

In judgment simple, brainless as a child ;

They laugh not knowing why, 'cause others laugh ;

And good champagne they ever love to quaff.

O, Crinoline ! what Eve doth not admire,

In thee to be arrayed with fine attire;
By Nature slighted, nor by man loved much,
You're bound to swell and beat in pluck the Dutch.
Drive on, ye darlings! crack aloud your whip,
As o'er the ways of life you lightly skip;
Amid thy hoops expire, thy paste, and soap,
And bid the world splurge on and live in hope!
Our ladies sweet in Fashion's arts adept,
Who wives would be and fat and easy kept,
Are prone to visit each known place around,
Where beaux and belles are always to be found.
The Athenæum draws them to its shades,
Where Art and Genius their twin plumage waves;
The paintings view, and then the sculpture near,
To fall in love with 'pollo Belvedere.
O, ladies, fie! what would your parson say,

To know you thus his holy care repay ?
So wags the world, the loveliest all in vain,
Strive hard to live without a speck of stain :
Why then should it surprise that meaner clay,
Will pass through life in none too nice a way ?

The Poet-laureate see passing there,
With genial smile and condescending air ;
He is a fellow-Long, but sings so sweet,
The ladies would "the taking genius" eat ;
That they might through their veins diffuse his
 blood,
And be as he, so musical and good.

Observe where now that little man glides by,
Who dares to do, and doing dares to die.

Naught cares he for what Grub Street puppies say,
He'll have his fun in his own funny way;
A better heart ne'er beat 'neath human skin;
For what he plays he well deserves to win:
While yet uncaught "the Serpent of the sea,"
The hope must live that such a thing will be;
For this our friend and Poet has proclaimed,
For which he mainly may be deemed as famed.

Yon blusterer now observe who swings his arms,
And all the timid seriously alarms;
He's just been fighting for a prize and won,
And many miles per hour he has run;
There's not enough of bone and muscle round,
To curb this rough, and his fantastics bound!
Such men I place upon the plane of horses,

And so as muscle should be used as forces,
Put to the dray where strength may be admired,
To gain that fame by brutes alone desired ;
His only boast is that wherein the ass,
In strength of limb and back doth him surpass.

See passing there locked arm in arm two saps,
Whose faces seem as outlines to their maps ;
Their noses pinched by glasses moved with springs,
The meanest and most ludicrous of things ;
Their soft white hands encased in colored kid,
(Which whalebone twirls) is ever at eyelid,
That partial close upon their cat-like eyes,
Some ladies think insulting and despise.
These shallow-pated fops walk through the street,
With gait precise and ogle whom they meet ;



The pretty women with voluptuous form,
Soul-stirring eyes! these noodles take by storm;
Who pat their gay moustache and twirl their canes,
Admire these Hebes — query of their names;
Then wonder if 'twill pay to hunt them up,
And drain with them the sweets of Cupid's cup!
The girls laugh heartily and wonder why,
Such "silly things" do not much sooner die;
But they forget that fools the gods despise,
And call from Earth instead the lovely wise:
Thus oft we hear it said that those die young,
Loved by the gods by whom their worth is sung;
While fops remain to swell the tide of trash,
And make what's technically termed "a dash;"
As their soft hands the gay moustache may pat,
(So licks her tail the ever-tidy cat)

While gracefully these nobby hands they wave,
Which means — “Avaunt, ye barbers, never do we
shave!”

See to her slavish work returns the girl,
With beauty gifted, delving for a churl,
Who tasks from early morn till evening late,
Of her soul careless and its final fate;
Read in her eyes the dreary hopes within,
How tempted she to take the road of sin!
Talk you of Slave? What freedom is there here,
When every day, ay, hour! there falls a tear.
O Justice! where, where are our men of God,
To break the heartless Northern despot's rod;
Where, where the sturdy men of mind and will,
To bravely shout, “Thou Shylock, peace, be still;

Give of thy gains to those who serve thee well,
Let not thy servants deem this world a hell!"

Lo, where one comes whose high and honored name,
Will live forever on the scroll of Fame!
He with a spirit dauntless in its will,
On fire seized, made ocean but a rill,
Joined hand in hand the old world and the new,
And daily gave us of their marts a view.
Long may he live his triumph to enjoy,
And in good works his ample means employ.

By Zeus! ■ youth just entered at the Bar,
Retain him, friends, if you would be at par;
Latin and Greek, Hebrew, Dutch, and French,
Besides Love's language for some darling wench,

Logic, physic, science in the main,
Is ranged in order in this youngster's brain;
Neglect him not, be sure, quite sure of that,
Or some time when in Law "he'll knock you flat."
See, see how stiff he bears his neck and head,
As though 'twas Law whatever he had said.
Spare us, O spare us, from such crushing power,
Which deals out death to all who do not cower.

Now Roscius see, so like a tyrant lord!
Treading the earth to be alone adored;
The Indian chieftain, Metamora's gait,
On Lear, Macbeth, Othello ever wait;
All that he plays, yes, even Hamlet, too,
The savage hero ever brings to view.
O for an actor who can shape his soul,

To each part played as if it were his whole.

There is a genius, heir to honored name,

In the sad walks of high Dramatic fame,

Who if he'll seek the mastery of his art,

Will be this god enthroned in every part !

See yonder in her silks and laces rare,

Soft-skinned, pert Mammon walking out for air ;

So nice their persons, light their royal heads,

Their maids undress and put them snug in beds ;

They are as worthless as a reed or snail,

And make great merit of a finger nail ;

Their virtues eating, drinking, over-dressed ;

And going to Church, for which they would be
blessed ;

When through the week they've fooled 'their time
away,

With Madam Grundy — what has she to say?

O loves in silks, do something well, I pray,

Think more of usefulness and less of play.

If first thy set, O make thy vaunting true,

The homage earn that you may claim is due,

Then Satire's song will cease and you will hear,

No sound but praise, no words but pleasant cheer.

And now to change the scene — let's walk along,

Towards the Common through this motley throng ;

How fresh and bracing, sportive, wild the breeze,

That from the west comes dancing through the trees,

Whose shade unbroken through a summer's day,

Draws old and young from crowded streets away.

Grave, halt, and merry here resort to find,

Room for loose limb and pleasure for the mind ;

The chirp of birds, the deer so sleek and fair,
Attract the sense and bid us linger there.
And ah, how happy are those tender hearts,
So sensitive to all such scene imparts;
There see the maiden, matron, children too,
With hands outstretched the sportive deer to woo;
And in the Pond observe the natty boat,
With gallant bearing o'er the wavelet float.
The boys behold who own the various craft,
As now they trim the sails both fore and aft,
And watch the progress of the race they run,
As in the golden west declines the sun;
'Tis childhood's hour! who has not felt its joy,
Who has not wished again to be a boy!
Ah, happy scenes! which here are free to all,
The Common's beauties and the bat and ball.

Both poor and rich may walk amid its trees,

Alike enjoy its comforts and its breeze.

How like a trusty sentinel stood there

The sturdy Elm, wide spreading to the air!

Swept by the gale, at length it fell to earth,

Mourned in its death, as honored in its birth.

Oft 'neath its shade I've played in boyhood's time,

When first began my tendency to rhyme;

There, with my playmates, rolled upon the grass,

There kissed the girls, as they would coyly pass —

Sad was my heart to see the Elm fall,

Yet Death triumphant comes alike to all.

How changed my life since that fair, happy time,

When friends were true, romantic thought sub-
lime!

The "Big Old Tree," two hundred years and more



It faced the storms, and their fierce pelting bore;
Beneath its branches patriots made a stand,
To bless with Liberty our noble land:
Dear is this ground, so hallowed by that tree,
The pride and love of all who would be free.
Behold yon spot where noble Hancock lived,
The Patriot Sage for whom a Nation grieved —
The mansion hoary has been swept away,
By what is called "the progress of the day."
No more it stands a pleasant thing to see,
To tell of him who willed our country free!
It should have stood that down through ages long,
It souls might fire and strengthen Freedom's song.
But some there are who even hate to see,
A rose untouched, they'd ever busy be —

They are for change, and if to Heaven they go,

They'll sigh to be in Satan's realms below.

Could these prevail the Common would be sold,

And every beauty they'd reduce to gold ;

They'd cord its wood, they'd eat up all the deer,

And blight in general the public cheer.

But happily they've not the power to be,

A curse to all who would some beauty see.

Would we be happy, free, to Truth a friend,

We must our aid to generous culture lend,

And seek to build within the common mind,

A taste for Genius and a temper kind.

The Beautiful and True should shape our laws,

The ablest advocates in Virtue's cause ;

Slight but their influence, let them glide away,

Then goes this Nation swiftly to decay !

Ah, who is this just here? I know him well,
A Poet he whose verse will never sell;
Cursed at his birth by Nature in this wise,
He lives to hate and thinks but to despise:
His bills unpaid he borrows when he can,
And sinks the Poet in the humble man.
He should have learned to do and not to sing,
To wheel a barrow or an axe to swing;
He should have learned the Johnnies to outflank,
And money change, to play at Tradesman's prank.
He then of praise would get the measure strong,
And gain a fame far better than his song.
Ah Poetry! what cares the world for Love?
How glorious the Lion — how poor the Dove!
Who's this so sweet — ah, sweet! a charming face,
It beams methinks with holy Saviour's grace;

A woman true whom citizens applaud,
For Learning and for Wisdom in the Lord;
She is not proud though born to high estate,
Associate of the witty and the great!
She sees that Pride is folly, Truth is all,
Which we aright sweet happiness may call;
That noble Truth condemning those who teach,
“Nature alone is all we need to preach.”
Yet God has said — “My Son I give to thee,
Ne’er stained by Sin! from Evil ever free!
In Him thy trust repose, on Him rely,
And peace He’ll give thee when thou comest to die.”
But is it not too much, my friends, to hope,
All will to character give Christian scope;
Whilst crowds press forward to hear men proclaim,
Impostor — Christ! as Socrates they name?

Ah, work away, ye serpents at the file,
Yet shall thy teeth be wasted with thy bile.
“My Word is Truth! the ponderous gates of Hell,
Shall not prevail 'gainst what I love so well.”
Thus saith the Lord, and what he said will stand,
With Christian hosts embattled in command!

Now see approaching one whom all admire,
Both for her Wit and patriotic fire;
Of gentle blood, her step and air proclaim,
She is no mere pretentious, gadding dame;
But loves in usefulness to pass her days,
Fond of judicious and deserved praise;
All through the war she labored hard to gain,
Peace for the country — hopeful e'er in vain;
Many there are who fell in arms could say,

Smoothed by her labors was their gory way.

Such women are a blessing to mankind,

And should from all a hearty welcome find.

How care-worn is that stooping figure there,

His eyes bloodshot, uncombed his flowing hair;

In science versed — a poet — painter, too,

Yet poor indeed, not knowing how to do.

'Tis genius, unsupported by the wit,

Which trains the mind to that for which 'tis fit!

He's proud and thoughtful, seeks to be alone,

To nurse a temper specially his own;

Laughs at the crowd who buzz with airs supreme,

Pleased with the hopes of which they idly dream.

Most any one he thinks is quite as wise,

As these "smart big boys running for a prize:"

So says sad genius looking from its tub,
At long-eared donkeys which hard riders rub!

See where fine genius now disordered comes,
Within whose pathway ever linger duns;
His dreams of happiness forever fled;
His best-beloved are numbered with the dead!
Look at his works, they tell of wondrous power,
In Art a mighty and majestic tower;
'Tis Nature all! that fine creative thought,
By which this fair cosmic whole was wrought.
Yet he who can produce effects like this,
Through much of life has wildly gone amiss:
Mankind he hated from a sense of Pride,
Who had to him a proper care denied —
That kindly feeling and that generous pay,

Which Genius needs alike with baser clay,
He hated man, he hated e'en himself,
And hated more the pampered sons of pelf;
Cursed by his wit, he had no sense of joy,
The public scorned, that gave him mean employ.

See yonder citizens so grave of air,
Who live in streets where only rich men are :
They number 'mong that fine, substantial class,
Who aim to ape the long-eared, stubborn ass!
'Tis oft we hear them called "sound, moneyed men,"
Or, in other words, "the mushroom upper ten :"
They say to those of humble means — "Stand by!
Come not, O sirs, unto our threshold nigh."
Most shy they are of those not known as first,
And likely by a sudden swell to burst!

For they'd not know whom they would have 'to cut,'
Should fate depress and off good fortune shut;
They only wish acquaintances whose wit,
Will be to them for aye a benefit!
"Tis selfish," you will say; O, yes, my friend,
But always borrow, never, never lend;
You may be sure Religion is a thing,
That's tested by the good things it may bring:
The better off we are in gold and grab,
The more like gods are we, the less like crab!
"Put money in thy purse," Iago said;
How well the villain knew 'twould raise the dead!
How well he knew the best of Priests were those,
Who never would a gilded vice oppose;
How well he knew the way to wreck a mind,
Which unto him was never less than kind!

And yet the world he saw made him the wretch,
Which Shakspeare doth so true to Nature sketch.
That world he saw we see, my friends, to-day,
Iagos numberless have passed this way;
The joys of life are theirs, they laugh at Truth,
And turn their noses up at it forsooth;
The Church will bless them and the fair caress,
They pay the parsons and the darlings dress.
Civilization! Yes, 'tis progress true,
"To raise the devil" in all one learns to do;
To play those cards that rarely fail to win,
And pack them well, that they'll come surely in;
"The good" look on, and often wish that they,
Had pluck enough in this queer style to play;
The gains are made so easy that the cheat,
Seems well enough so long as it may beat!

Success makes falsehood sweet and lies polite,
And Christian men will e'en with such unite ;
But let a rascal "run to seed" on Sin,
His shadow'll grow the thinnest of the thin ;
They'll boot him then at every turn he takes,
Until beneath their kicks at length he breaks,
And dying damns all life he's known while here,
Where Love is purchased as a pot of beer !
And curses follow oft the heartfelt tear,
Dropped in silence by the solemn bier !
A cheat he dies — a good man follows now,
But much the same will look their pallid brow !
Yet have I faith in Manhood's deep-drawn sigh,
As true it stands with Sin before its eye ;
Yet do I think there are who rarely fail,
To justly act and every vice assail.

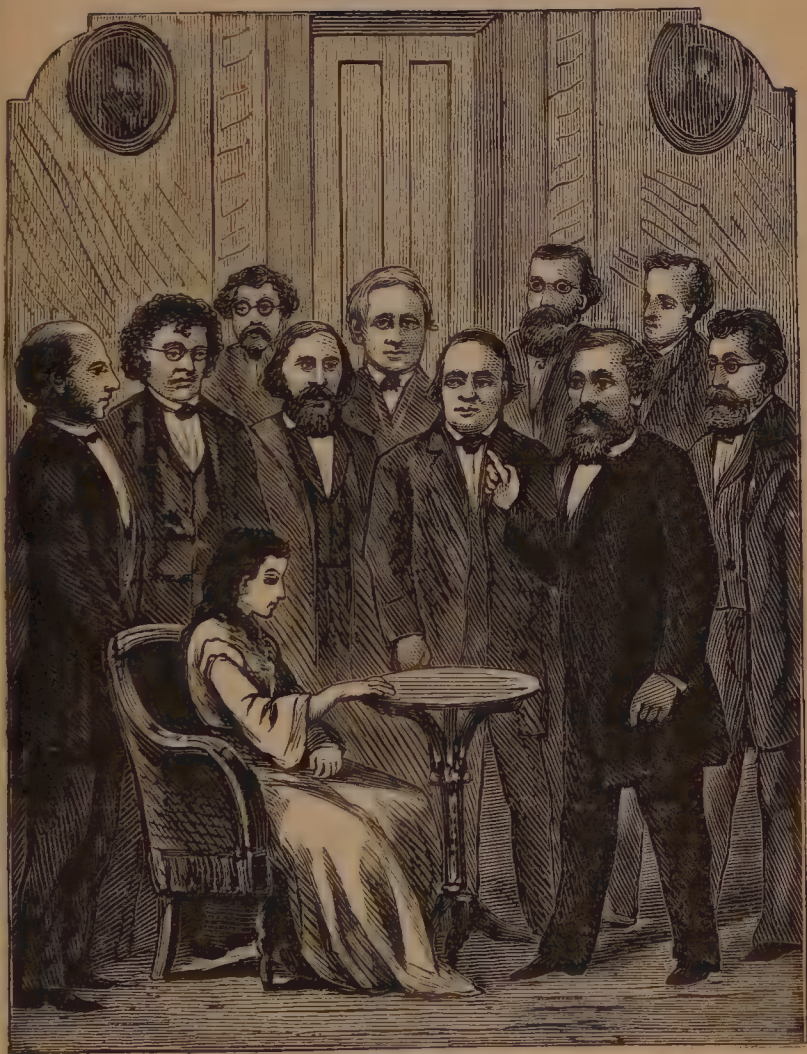
There was a Sydney, there are Sydneys still,
To live in honor and to do God's will;
But 'mid the gloom which shrouds fair Truth's
domain,

Oft I despair, her struggles think in vain;
But whilst a God I see in all mankind,
I e'er shall hope completion of the Mind!
So that its action shall be wise and just,
And humbug cease and Falsehood bite the dust!

One passes now by Spirits often sought,
Who dares savans disprove what they have taught;
He laughs at "Harvard" when it laughs at him,
And thinks his arguments convincing gleam.
But when the wise men came to test the thing,
This Sachem could not to their notice bring,

A single spirit from the World of Light,
But all to them was still, unbroken night.
“He backed and filled” in every way he turned,
With smothered rage and baffled hopes he burned;
The Spirits that he thought to call at will,
When most he wanted ne’er were known so still!
The learned gentry who had called to see,
About this doctrine and what it might be,
Concluded that of all the humbugs round,
There was not one so difficult to bound;
They felt as though they’d gathered to behold,
What trifling matters oft surprise the world;
They felt as though this Sachem had their heads,
Mistaken for a lot of cabbage beds!
And so to Cambridge back they went to say,
How fooled they’d been and shavings got for hay!

“Old Harvard,” like the world at large, I fear,
Is sometimes found to Folly far too near;
Yet 'tis the Seat of Wisdom and the pride,
Of those who float on Learning's sweeping tide;
Despite its weaknesses I wish to see,
It ever prosper and from humbug free.
If Spirits do with mortals hold discourse,
And to their minds a worthy knowledge force,
They are a blessing, not a curse to man,
And should be sought to profit whom they can.
'Tis nothing new for souls deceased to seek,
Those yet on earth, that they with them may speak;
Though converse with the dead not all enjoy,
It is a pleasure not without alloy;
It sometimes blasts with Sorrow and with Sin,
Those who from Spirits would fair Knowledge win.





They lead astray to crime and every woe,
And only teach what Hell would have us know !
Then as a test of what they are who come,
In viewless forms and oft among us roam,
Mark well the influence which each day brings in,
Upon the heart to shield it well from Sin ;
If that is slight and wickedness appears,
More worthy favor than a sigh or tears,
Know that the Evil, not the Good to thee,
Their spirits place in close proximity !
Dash them aside by willing them away,
That purer spirits may their love display.
But is there not One Spirit ever true,
Whom Christians know, for whom they ought to do ?
Since he has done so much to give us light,
And lead us through this wayward world aright !

Our Saviour's passion, works, his tender love,
Are they not ever from the spheres above?
Ever the same with no uncertain sound,
Teaching good deeds should in this world abound.
What need we more than He has taught is Right?
What need we more than He has given of Light?
"Thy neighbor love, be simple, pure, and just,
Have faith in me and my instructions trust,
My Father's mansions are prepared for thee,
Which thou shalt occupy by loving me."
Can Spirits speak more tenderly than this,
Than He who never yet hath led amiss?
Or raise the soul to brighter hopes of Heaven,
Than He in person to the world has given?
Can they make clear the endless future life,
Put doubt at rest and still opinion's strife?

Is not confusion with the crowd who say,
That spirits teach them how to make their way;
Do not the spirits seem like rovers wild,
And often foolish as the merest child?
In much they vary which they teach as Truth,
And oft to frenzy drive bewildered youth!
Ah, yes, my friends, this spiritual power,
Has cursed as oft as it has blessed the hour.
Be careful, then, how you to spirits lean,
For they too often are most false and mean.
Accept the Bible for your daily guide,
Be it thy study and be it thy pride;
It is assailed by arguments severe,
Which seem to prove it unto fiction near:
But reckless pens employed to do away,
With reverence for that the Scriptures say,

Give us instead no word we can admire,
More than the Book they gladly would retire !
With all its mystery and seeming lies,
Yet we its pages should most dearly prize.
If God in Nature can be seen and taught,
He may herein be seen in written thought ;
Which teaches what as men He'd have us do,
That Right may triumph, nor the Wrong renew.
Much certainly is strange recorded here,
Of God who orders both the smile and tear ;
But Nature gives us no more lovely tale,
We see in it too much that we bewail !
The Almighty Father cloaks himself with Power,
We feel him in his works through every hour ;
We may be sure He is and cannot die,
That we His creatures must with Him comply.

No other book than Holy Writ is read,
Which so unites the Living to the Dead!
And if Jehovah ordered not its life,
'Tis safe to think so and to cease our strife;
To live united in its moral truth,
And train to it the minds of all our youth.
It binds the conscience to the love of man,
As other writings surely never can;
It bears the impress of a Wit divine,
That Wit, O Father, 'tis believed is thine!
The human mind not taught direct by thee,
Would not have penned so great a mystery,
As through this Book in nice connection stands,
And with contempt the scoffing sceptic brands!
Unnatural though the story none but God,
Would thus explain the working of His rod;

Had man unaided by the life Divine,
Attempted thus its nature to define,
He ne'er would dreamed of teaching what is taught,
As all unworthy of a moment's thought!
And this is why the Bible has such might,
Because not natural to our sense of Right;
These mysteries (as those of Nature) draw,
The human mind to worship and adore;
And though we cannot understand the plan,
We may be sure 'twas not devised by Man!
His shrewdness of a natural Reason born,
Would prompt a story of all meanness shorn;
Nor would the God invented by his wit,
Have done a work and then repented it!
Nor would he ever cared to be believed,
In many things the Bible has received.



'Tis far too puerile for Human Wit,
E'en to have thought of ever stating it;
But there it stands Almighty in its strength,
To which all people shall bow down at length.
If 'tis not God which seeming folly gives,
A strength by which the spirit happier lives,
Then God there's none, but Matter is Supreme,
And Chance the Master and Heaven a dream!

CONCLUSION.

And now, kind friends, would you know of me,
Wherein the humbug is of much we see?
I'll tell thee, yes, — my speech it shall be free!
Color your own or don some other's wool,
With pleasant falsehoods be thou ever full;

Be Statesman, knowing not the art at all,
Talk blackman up and go to blackman's Ball;
"Blow hard for goodness," though in league with
vice;
Your head keep clear, your person looking nice;
Talk of a maiden's worth, to her untrue,
Make love to many — marry not a few!
Swear to your friends you love them unto death,
Then curse them soundly in an after-breath!
Hating them well for what they've done for thee,
With blustering airs give dinners and a spree;
Your company fuddle on the best of wine,
That they to you may lovingly incline,
And help you put some business project through,
In Law and Politics and Vestry, too;
Gammon all you can, be shrewdly wise,

And your stock social shall most gayly rise!
Of all we've seen I fear not many care,
Who weeps or thrives, who dies of wild despair.
Princes of humbug, they will think of naught,
But that by which a penny may be caught;
And when they can't deception make "to pay,"
On whom they practice, they'll from them away;
Such "trash" as this they cast aside at once,
What they would handle is the moneyed dunce!
On these they fatten, getting two for one,
Chuckling oft that So-and-So "is done."
'Tis genteel robbery — nothing more, my friends,
Which unto Life a sweet excitement lends.
So wags the world, thus cursed with moral death,
Its poison shedding with its every breath.
How sad the passions which of men make brutes,

And from whose lives so much of Evil shoots,
To blast the Good and hide the face of God,
And heavier make the dealings of His rod !
Many there are among the mass who strive,
By kindly acts to keep sweet Love alive,
To harmonize Creation with its King,
And to his worship every creature bring;
But what they do in this high cause is slight,
The scoundrels win too often in the fight;
And you will see a smiling, smooth-tongued wretch,
In games of Love the dearest creatures catch;
Women who pass for Virtue's brightest stars,
Yet marry men used up in Cupid's wars,
Unfit for husbands, yet they gain the day,
And take some lass from better men away !
But these demean themselves for dress and show,

And think of God as one they do not know ;
They go to Church, they take the bread and wine,
But what "well pays" they only think divine !
Perdition take all hearts which sell to vice,
Their self-respect and honor for a price ;
And that price often but the ease of Gold,
Which with the many seem to make their world,
Yet Love not present nor confiding trust,
Their ease and splendor trail but in the dust !
Give me, O give me, but a home where Sin,
With all its hatefulness comes rarely in,
And if my bread is scanty, pleasures few,
Yet if sweet Love is there and ever true,
That home to me is rich with charms that give,
To life those joys for which 'tis sweet to live !

Humbug, O hum! thy reign will ne'er be o'er,
Till floods shall sweep as that which swept of yore,
And Man remodelled in the name of Right,
Shall bless his race, in Justice, Love delight;
Proof of that Harmony which points a Mind
Within Creation, to all creatures kind;
Unto that Power we, my friends, should bend,
Beginning all things and of all the End!

NOTE.

In order that there may be no misapprehension of the author's meaning, in the allusion he has made to the great and supreme subject of education, he would state that in his humble judgment the *morale* of our system of education, so far from giving *strength of character*, practically *weakens it*, by exciting in the mind of *all* youth hopes of "success in life" by means of *knowledge*, which hopes in the majority of cases are destined never to be realized,—if by *success* is meant a leading position in life, and not poorly paid servitude. *We must educate*, but there is a wide difference between instructing youths in the elements of truth, and cramming their brains with an ambition for study, which in too many instances disqualify them for the discharge cheerfully of the humble duties, which, as men, they may be forced to accept, as a means of support. There are few boys graduating from our public schools with any talent, or ambition, who have not imbibed the notion from parent or teacher, that with *their education* they ought not to fail of being great *men*. The consequence is that while every intelligent boy *points* high, we have in the youth of our country an impertinence and audacity painful in the extreme; the result, as we contend, of a high-flown school system, which ought to be brought under a more rigid and restrictive policy. We say rigid and restrictive policy, by which we would be understood to mean a curtailment of all studies which have not a practical ultimate, and are not especially adapted to the brains that are to receive them. And, above all it seems to us that the ambitious boy, whose delight

it is to distance his fellow-students, ought to be brought under such a moral training as will impress him with the only correct view which boy or man can take of superior intellectual ability, *i. e.*, that it is a special trust from God, and, instead of being cause for *joy* should be rather cause of *sadness*, and ought by no manner of means to be allowed to foster an impudent and reckless character, or a godless life. We want such rivalry as is compatible with good order and industry. If boys at school become thoroughly impressed with the idea, and painfully alive to it, that the only good thing is *ambition* and the only praiseworthy act outwitting all with whom one deals, that boy or boys has been grounded in a lamentable error, which will be quite certain if it carries him to honor and greatness, to leave him in the midst of all triumphs without sympathy heartfelt from his dependents and supporters, and with but few, if any outside of his own household who would not *rejoice* at his fall. We are well aware that no man can occupy a leading position of any kind without being aspersed and hated; but we believe the chivalrous soul that climbs to power in the fear of Heaven and with a guarded trust in man, will never stumble or fall without the evidence being conclusive to his mind that *human nature* bad and brutal as it is, is not wholly without the redeeming virtue of love, even when subjected to the harshest experiences. It is *love* more than *ambition* that should be called into action in our schools; and the smart or the dull boy should be made to feel that no amount of intellectual triumphs can ever compensate for the loss of that honest sympathy in life which is the unpurchased offering — the free gift of admiration for a consistent, a truthful, a noble character.

HOMeward BOUND — OFF CAPE HORN.

I.

Romantic youth ! from college halls
He shipped for Ocean's home ;
To face such peril as appalls —
With “ rough old salts ” to roam !
To put his clean white hands in tar ;
To bruise them hauling ropes ;
To watch the steady Northern Star ;
His mind as bright with hopes !
The classic shades of his Academe
He left for salt-junk and pork ;
The student's pure and classic dreams,
For seamen's graceless talk !

On learned aristocratic friends,
And cultured kin he loved,
No more his happiness depends ;
No more with *them*, he gloved !

II.

Now, rapidly he learned to be
A useful hand, aboard ;
And trod the deck — how ran the sea —
As though a velvet sward !
The stormy Horn and Nor'-West Coast
Were made in gallant style ;
The hides were droghed at trivial cost —
Were cured, and housed in pile ;
Those soft white hands, so used to kid,
A roughened aspect wore,
Which would all-gentle folks forbid
To shake them, as of yore !

Now tarred, tanned, coarse, a seaman's job

They "tackled to" with skill,

While yet the heart would sometimes throb,

In grief o'er sense of ill.

III.

The cargo stowed, they sailed away

From that dreary coast, delighted ;

Each hearty tar gave loosest play,

To his buoyant spirits, righted :

In best of trim, and wild with life,

Well manned by valiant tars,

The ship dashed onward, free and safe,

Beneath the southern stars !

"Abreast the Horn," at length, she came,

'Mid winter's awful gloom ;

And there in sleet, and snow, and rain,

By storms to death seemed doomed !

Of driven backward to the west,
As “ off the Horn ” she sped ;
There was no peace, no comfort, rest,
For hearts, or hands, or head !

IV.

Surrounded by large fields of ice ;
Its islands floating by ;
Each sailor with a judgment nice,
To danger kept an eye !
Now, sleepless, watchful, lest a piece,
Hard driven by the sea,
Should strike the ship, the leak increase,
And sink her — suddenly !
“ Hard up the helm — keep her off —
Steady ! ” — were constant cries,
As rolled the vessel in the trough,
Or, high on waves, arise !

All hands believed if she went down,
No boat could live an hour ;
But, they in that mad sea would drown —
Beyond all saving power !

v.

For many days they drew their breath,
As though it were their last ;
Yet, calmly looked at threatening death,
And reefed to the deaf'ning blast !
Now see ! upon the mainsail yard
The " college-bred " lay out ;
Short-handed sent to furl and guard
The frozen course so stout.
Part, only, of his watch could serve ;
The larboard was below ;
Exhausted, though of dauntless nerve,
And full of Duty's glow !

Fierce was the contest with that sail,
To get it furled and bunted ;
Against a howling wind and hail —
By lofty seas confronted !

VI.

When from the top they wearied came,
Near hours two in action,
“ Man killing,” each in turn exclaim,
But not in mean dejection.
The ship in ice was fully cased —
Decks, sides, masts, yards, and rigging ;
While all around in Ocean’s space,
Ice isles the gales were tipping :
A scene sublime ! all felt its sway ;
Its strangeness, beauty, splendor ;
The foaming Neptune’s high-dashed spray,
White-cruised round their border ;

The thundering sound of the cracking mass,
Now breaking, tumbling down,
Before those mariners stately pass,
Awed greatly by its frown!

VII.

All hands were called so frequently
To reef, work, watch the craft,
The student rarely seemed to be
But laying fore and aft —
Aloft, amid the blinding snow,
To furl the frozen sails,
While, buried in the foam her bow,
Well-lashed by screaming gales!
For weeks, this battle of the brave,
To clear “the bloody Horn;”
Which to their hardy manhood gave
A trial — nobly borne:

Through much of peril to their lives,
At length they got her round !
Then, crowding sail, “ a snorter ” drives
Her madly — bound o’er bound !

VIII.

With timbers staunch she steps along,
Before the whistling winds,
And prancing to the sailor’s song,
She hard the helm minds.
The sea in sheeted foam she rolled,
From off her leaping bow ;
And all impatient of control,
Her homeward course doth plow ;
“ A thing of life,” indeed ! — a power
Majestic on the wave ;
The student charmed at every hour —
She seemed a life so brave !

Worshipful of Beauty's forms,
They ever pleased his eye ;
And scenes like this, as well as storms,
Would glorious thought supply.

IX.

Still, lightly northward, sprang the ship,
Oft splitting sails and spars ;
Yet, of that crew there was no lip
To prate of trifling scars :
They loved to note her wildly go
As dolphins through the sea ;
And from her stern the water throw
With spray at fore-mast tree !
Just off the weather bow, now, see —
Land, ho ! — it is Cape Cod !
In for the bay they stand, a-gee,
And lift their hearts to God.

At anchor, near the wharves, she swings,
With Boston in the view ;
The “ college-bred ” now lively springs,
To meet home’s darling few :

X.

And such a meeting ! — Love had known
No sweeter than was this !
The youthful tar could not but own
The magic of its kiss.
He was content no more to stray,
But “ hard ashore ” at toil,
To honors press, at length, his way
Upon his native soil.
Behold him, now ! a light in Law ;
Well worthy of his name ;
The sailor’s friend ! and who are poor, —
A true and godly fame.

Not for so long again would he
A forecastle endure ;
The romance of the surging sea
Could charm from home no more.

XI.

Thus, in our youth's romantic zeal,
We court adventure wild,
Which rarely will in vain appeal
To Passion's daring child !
But he the student 'fore the mast,
At length away from Earth has passed ;
True to himself, to God, and Right,
He leaves a record clean and bright :
Yet faults he had — and who has not ?
But *now* these blurs should be forgot,
And Memory only bear his claim
To much of honest, noble fame.

GENIUS : ITS FALL.

“ What am I but a reed upon the sea,
Moved here and there as wind and current run !
Alas ! there is no resting-place for me ;
I would my course had never here begun :
But, since I am, I ’ll bear my hateful woe,
As man should bear what he cannot escape ;
To whom, alike, is subtle friend and foe,
And God and Nature but a term for Fate.

“ In vain I ’ve searched thro’ Learning’s dismal
 deeps
For knowledge of some meaning to this life ;

But in her womb the teasing mystery sleeps,
And she's no more than gay, inconstant wife.
Now, cheering with her notes of happy love,
Then cold, repulsive, anything but fair!
While I am left, 'mid fearful doubts, to rove
In gloomy shades, the victim of despair!

“ Say, Homer! what in all thy classic song
Is true beyond the nature it portrays?
What of that peace for which from birth we long,
Do we perceive in thy immortal lays?
And ye whom China, India hold supreme;
Thou, whom the Arab worships as a God;
What is there competent, in all thy dreams,
To light our passage to the rayless sod?

“ What had the Druids in their bloody rites,
With Rome's false Gods, for source of soul divine,

To whom they prayed, where forests waved in sight,
And thus would join Eternity to Time! —
Ah! what had they which could have come from
Him,

Who, in the tadpole and the human form,
Alike our wonder and devotion win?
Their rites and teachings Truth cannot but scorn!

“ Where, in all time, has ever thinking man
Grasped more of what’s to be than happens here,
Within the compass of his little span
Of three-score-ten, and ever flowing tear?
In Egypt, where, high cultured were the arts,
We have disclosed in Apis her short sight
Of things beyond the Reason, and our hearts —
Confounding brutal wrong with gentle right.

“ And thou, Judea! whence from Moses came
The story of the earth — man’s heartless home! —

As other lands, e'en thou hast e'er the same
Sad tendency, from Reason's path to roam.
I know not, I, the more of things unseen,
From aught which Jewry holds to be divine ;
Still do I but of mysteries only dream,
Still do I chafe against the bounds of Time ;
While, as to death, in darkness still I pine !

“ What can for me be Christ until I know
That Holy Writ and Eden is no lie ;
That from the coming of its darkening woe,
Came this fair life, for Eden's Sin to die !
And dying, thus, has ransomed all who say,
‘ Lord, I believe ; thou art the promised ray,
The Life, the Light of God's own solar heat,
To purge from sin, and Virtue's reign complete.’

“ To teach me this, is but to ask my faith,
In that which seems a cunning fable fair ;

To teach me this is but to teach me death,
Is not through Christ made any less — despair!
He felt its sting, and begged he might be spared,
The life he knew, with those he loved as friends;
Who had his hardships and his perils shared
But who desert him when his star descends.

“ I cannot think the life and death of Christ
And what was written in his sweet, pure name,
Is more than Fancy’s dream, and doth consist
Of poetry’s bright, hallowed, genial flame.
A man he was, who knew no more than I
Of that which is beyond this vale of tears;
And so, as his, will my poor senses die,
While suffering from the torture of my fears!

“ O World, I hate thee! for the curse thou art;
My soul of Genius is a power I loathe:

How pure and noble here might be my part,

'T would to my anguished mind be little worth.

I will not live to bear this sense of scorn

I feel for all that mankind seems to prize ;

For such content I 'm sure I was not born,

But rather all of life to hate — despise.

“ Come, then, my dagger ! to my heart go home,

That I in quest of nobler mind may roam,

Should my dark being end not with this blow

I give it, now — O God ! — to thee — I — bow. ”

So fell the gifted, who would not believe

In Holy Writ, he thought could but deceive :

Yet only God, the righteous law that 's there,

Can save the soul from such a dread despair.

In Christ is seen the mystery of love,

Which links us surely to the world above ;

Points out the safe and only certain way
To life beyond, when thoughts our souls dismay,
If not in Christ we step by step proceed,
By Him sustained whose aid we ever need.
Messiah's Word ! it cannot fail to bring
Who trust in him — to fair Creation's spring,
Where God, as Power and Love, shall be no more
The mystery 't is, on Time's tear-beaten shore.

THE LOST LOVE.

DEDICATION.

TO

MARIA,

WHOSE GENTLE, LOVING SPIRIT WAS CALLED FROM
EARTH TO BRIGHTER, BETTER SCENES I HOPE,
SOMEWHERE IN SPACE, WHILE YET THE
BLOOM OF YOUTH WAS ON HER
CHEEKS AND THE LIGHT OF
LOVE WITHIN HER EYES,

I DEDICATE THIS VERSE,

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF AUGUSTA.

"Whom the Gods love die young."



1000 0 1000
1000 0 1000
1000 0 1000





THE LOST LOVE.



I.

ONCE I sat by ocean weary,
Whilst I wept with heart so dreary,
Over days of sad and serious
Thought of what to me seemed sin;
And while I pondered, morning breaking,
Saw I then a graceful waving,
Of the hand of one now sinking,
Sinking to the depths therein :
" 'Tis delusion, sure," I muttered,
Hoping to some knowledge win,
Of that hand so pale and thin.

II.

In my breast so filled with mourning,
Where I never ceased adoring,
One I loved as nothing ever,
 I had loved in all my life —
There in secret ever rested,
What I had for aye resisted !
Love of him my heart insisted —
 Yes, that I should be his wife ;
For his rare and radiant goodness,
 I with him should bear Love's strife,
 Share with him the things of life.

III.

Him I loved with thoughts uncertain,
Hoping to his mind uncertain,
Which thrilled me, filled me with fantastic
 Musings never known before :
On the future ever resting,

Ever in my love believing,
Never doubted its succeeding —
 That we both should each adore,
And should find a welcome greeting,
 At each happy lover's door —
So I loved and loved the more.

IV.

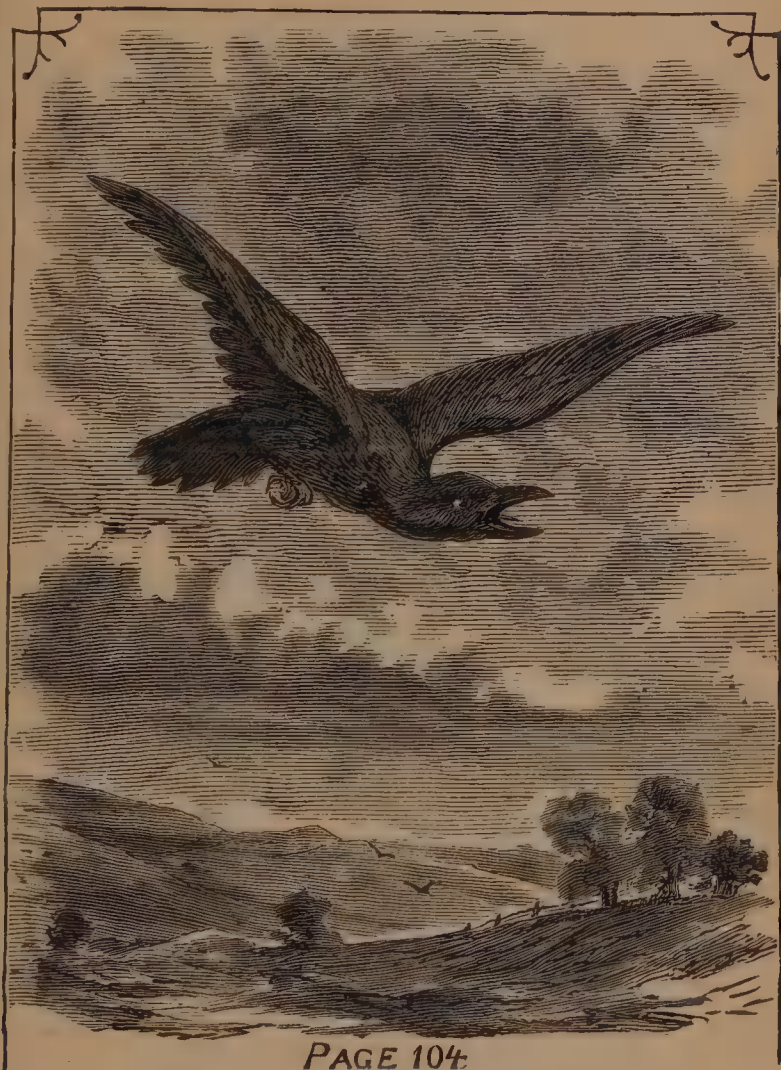
Yes, him I loved, in tears confessing
Him to be my treasured blessing;
Yet my heart it sought relief
 From this so dreamy, saddened mood,
Whilst I was ever fondly nursing,
This delightful sense so tempting,
And, so engaged, was ever wishing,
 Wishing to be kindly wooed;
Yet I feared, oh, how I feared!
 On him my love to e'er intrude —
Kept I then my solitude.

A raven had he, I remember —
'Twas, I think, in bright October,
That I saw it flying yonder,
 Black as night was ever known.
Eagerly I watched its shadow,
Thinking where 'twould be to-morrow,
And wondered if it brought me sorrow,
 Sorrow which my love had sown;
For the noble, dreamy fellow
 I would have to me alone —
In my soul would him enthrone.



VI.

Ah! that raven was a warning,
Sight which ne'er to me was cheering:
Soon I felt its influence chilling,
 Telling me to love no more;
Yet I could not, was not willing,



PAGE 104

He so loved by me should cease;
To bear me Pleasure's fair increase,
Nearer to me evermore;
Whilst a pilgrim sad I wander,
On time's mysterious shore,
Loving him e'en more and more.

VII.

Oh, what is life if nothing purer,
Woman gives as an adorer,
Than silly fears of misdirection,
Through the passion of her soul!
Better she had been a linnet,
Perching round at every minute,
Where she nature may enjoy,
Have it for her only world,
Where her heart will suffer not,
Being as the ice so cold,
Nor from growing hard and old.

VIII.

Yes, better far she should be singing,
And the woods her notes be ringing,
Than in human form to wander

O'er the earth, a slave to fear!
Though she be a beauty even,
And her smile as pure as heaven,
Yet her heart and mind, if craven,
Merits pity's fullest tear —

Pity! 'twas and ever will be
Near contempt, so hard to bear;
Goodly women should not bear.

IX.

Oh, how I prized his form so manly!
And his clever wit so handy,
And his eyes so sweetly winning,
Words fail ever to express,
Were the eyes of a true being,



RECEIVED
LIBRARY
OCT 15 1891

Whom to love was but the seeing,
Whom to speak with but agreeing,
 If the argument were right :
For that side discoursed he only,
 Only would he to the fight —
 To my soul he shone most bright.

X.

Yes, I thought of him when lonely,
And I spoke of him then only,
And breathed his name upon the air
 Where I alone could hear the sound.
Nothing further then I uttered,
As the winds their sorrows muttered ;
But my heart it ever fluttered,
 Ever at that name would bound ;
As oft is seen the timid deer
 With graceful stride leap o'er the ground :
 To that name I fast was bound.

XI.

Worshipped by my soul 'twas spoken,
Oft in accents somewhat broken,
While we were happy — ah! too happy —
 In our thoughts and pleasant dreams;
Which had lasted had disaster,
Not come in our hopes to master,
Pursuing fast and even faster,
 So that love but shadow seems;
And things cherished most on this
 Fair earth, mere sweet seductive dreams,
Or brilliant fading beams.

XII.

I had a vision, and him weeping,
Saw I yet while he was sleeping,
And my name he lisped while by him
 Sat his raven sullenly:
The bird, as I beheld, seemed sighing,



And of food itself denying;
'Twas then I fell in haste to thinking,
What this sight so sad could be,
When the bird its wings spread out,
And stepped upon its master's knee,
Gazing strangely then at me.

XIII.

Through my veins the blood went coursing,
But, without my thoughts expressing,
To the bird my steps directed,
For the purpose to observe :
Now I placed my hand, caressing,
On its head so prepossessing,
When the creature's beak resisting,
'Told me 'twould not thus be served ;
And then methought, if 'twere not fancy,
These strange words from it I heard —
“Maiden, I am Death's black bird.”

XIV.

Thereupon, at once awaking,
My body with its fears then shaking,
I saw at once 'twas all a dream;
Yet, such a dream! oh, such a dream!
“Haste,” I cried, “ye morning beams!
I would not now one moment waste,
Until I know he lives — he whom
I so adore, and perfect seems,
And whose image bright the burden
Is, of my sweet mystic dreams —
Ever, ever in my dreams.”

XV.

The morning came; and I quite weary,
Bent my way alone so sadly,
Through the street which led me where,
My dearest love was known to be;
Close at the door I saw dejected,



Some one who came from within;
And quickly said I, "What's the matter?
What's the matter? Is it he?
Is he dead — Alberto dead?
Oh! I'll enter; I will see."
Quoth the stranger, "Yes — 'tis he."

XVI.

Dead he is — laid there, and only
'Bout his bed are things most homely :
My sad heart, the scene o'ercoming,
Bends beneath the deepest pain ;
And as then I gazed, adjusting
O'er his brow the long black hair,
He seemed not dead but only sleeping,
Soon to wake and smile again ;
No, not dead, but only dreaming,
Soon to wake and smile again :
Nevermore he'll wake again.

XVII.

And, since he died, I here have wandered,
'Mid these rocks where ocean thundered;
For scenes like this are suited to,

The grief which eats my heart away :
To see him, feel him, I have trusted,
For my soul in him is vested ;
All my happiness consisted,

Near to him to be, to stay,
Wishing him forever here,
In my fond-beating breast to lay —
“Nevermore!” the cold winds say.

XVIII.

Of that hand so pale and thin,
Of that soul 'twas heaven to win !
Of that form which 'neath the wave,
Seemed settling, settling slowly there,
Sure I am it was Alberto,

Sure I am his smile I know :

Thus desolate, o'ercome by woe,

I found his spirit passing fair—

Oh, would I were with him a-floating,

Floating in the sea and air!

“Nevermore,” I heard from there.

XIX.

Lost is my love; but I will be,

Alberto, true — yes, true to thee.

STATE STREET.

TO THE

NEGLECTED CHILDREN OF GENIUS

(OF WHOM THERE ARE TOO MANY BY FAR),

WHO. DEDICATED TO TRUTH AND INDEPENDENT LIVING,
SCORN THE PALTRY CONVENTIONALISMS OF LIFE,
AND ARE MARTYRS TO THEIR INDIVIDUALITY,
WHICH NEITHER THE POWER, INSOLENT,
AND HEARTLESSNESS OF WEALTH
CAN BEND NOR CONQUER,

I Dedicate Affectionately this Verse.



STATE STREET.

WHEN Justice, heavenly Maid! was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her law,
Would throng around her open door;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting:
While "Modern Athens," yet untouched
By love of riches overmuch,
Was noted for its lofty tone,
And manners which might grace a throne!

There were but few who dared to be
Without, O Decency! some thought of thee.

The Passions then, to Justice given,
Lived in the trust and fear of Heaven!
And gathered round their holy Court,
Where rights were neither sold nor bought;
While yet unused to greed of gain,
And deviltry that's mean and vain;
When women loved to nurse their young,
And from their way all nonsense flung;
When birth had something then to do
With that grave question — "Who are you?"
When "Come by chances" stepped aside
Before the claims of family pride —
That healthy love of blood which flows

In veins the base and mean oppose ;
When men would live as men should live
Who not in Self alone believe ;
When laws were honored and obeyed ;
And Justice wooed the injured maid ;
Who now is left too oft to go
Cursed by her life, its bitter woe !
When *gentlemen* were held to be,
O, fallen Manners ! prized by thee ;
When well-dressed louts were made to see
That Shoddy's not gentility ;
That dress and riches could not gain
For *such* respect from cultured brain !
Which laughs within its sleeve to know
How vulgar upstarts come to woe —
The woe of conscious weakness, where

Only strength may do and dare —
Strength which not alone delights
In all its own agreeable rights,
But Justice loves for its dear sake,
Would of its feast have all partake; —
These minds — they are where blood will tell,
Rejoicing in what's only well!
While lives made up of selfish sham,
Plebeian cheek, and coat of Ham,
With purses filled with filthy wealth,
To nobler thoughts the very death!
Who *do* and *say* but for a name,
To ventilate e'en more their shame;
Thus advertising their bad breed,
Their nasty and plebeian seed;
Whereas the noble, well-born mind,

In others as in self will find,
Something to value and to save
From withering in a living grave! —
While “cheeky upstarts” prance about
As gentleman, when but a lout,
Not fit to carry to a bear
His foul intestines, or his hair —
While all this is, perhaps, to last,
To curse the future as the past,
Well may we sigh for other days,
When *Trade* and *Manners* challenged praise;
When gathered round the cause of Right,
A better heart for sterner fight;
Those days of slower pace, when prayer
Was something more than pious air;
When pilgrim shrewdness was no crime,

Its name revered in every clime!
Ere yet contempt the grieved express,
By crying "Yankee!" in distress;
That state of mind which one is in
When suffering from the bite of sin,
Man's law don't punish as it ought—
Who "skins" the most are worthier thought!
This "Athens," which has grown so fast,
Whose wealth and populace are vast;
This city by the sea, where man
Will "do" his brother when he can,
Clean him straight out while he will drink
With him the holy wine, nor wink,
And eat the holy bread, and sigh
For those who droop from evil nigh!
This "Athens" of the western world,

This astute critic hard to hold —
What changes have attended thee,
Since thou wast new and dear to me;
Since, in my boyhood, I would play
About thy streets and inner bay,
Which time has filled with *foreign dirt*,
Where dandies walk, and soft maids flirt.
Thou "Athens," once fenced in by worth
Not made of any sort of earth,
I go at thee, to stick my pen
Into thy pride, thy women, men;
E'en to thy heart I'll drive it home,
If from the deed a *good may* come.
Conceited, vain, and over-wise,
Thy many faults thou shouldst despise.
Behold your women — too much given

To heartless live in doubt of Heaven.
If on the street, or wheresoe'er,
Wanton their dress, and bold their air:
What they are doing, or would do,
"To raise the wind, and get things new,"
Ah, who can say but husbands sad,
And lovers who have gone stark mad:
They loved and were deceived; "too slow"
Were they — their money did not flow;
Their lady-loves had charms to win
"Good-looking fellows who had tin;"
So "went for them," and laughed to see
Those left go mad in misery.
O precious darlings! so well dressed,
By Beauty's every feature blessed,
What harm is done when you cast off

Some honest lover with a scoff,
With whom to live would cost you thought
Of him, on income somewhat short!
What harm is done to blast a thing
Which does to you so little bring?
Then live the life of well-dressed sin
With some "dear fellow for his tin:"
Married, or mistress, 'tis the same!
You can't escape the curse of shame.
The *hate* — which once was love — will be
A hissing serpent e'er to thee!
And when at death thou mayst recall
The heartlessness which caused Love's fall,
That crime shall curse thee with a howl,
And hand to thee a nauseous bowl
Of seething passions, full of stench,

Wherein is writ, "For thee, vile wench!
Drink, deeply drink of that thine own,
Until the poison all is down;
A fitting nectar for the hell
Where only such as thou dost dwell!
Then hence — away, you dirty hag,
A tattered, loathsome, human rag!"
Thus will the passion of that bowl
Thy fearful doom forever howl.

O, blessed is God, who so will damn
Things heartless with their coats of Ham!
Of arms speak not with else than Hog,
Fit symbol of their native bog.
Would that another flood might rise
To sweep this rubbish from our eyes;

That generous natures might enjoy
The chance to live without annoy —
Without an ever present fear
Of ambushed crime, whence flows the tear.

Should such a flood, perchance, obtain,
Oh, what of *State Street* would remain!

God in his mercy spared from fire
This nest of sin, of self-desire!

Long-suffering, patient is the Lord,
Unto these fellows to accord,

A respite from their doom one hour,

Whose acts defy and scorn His power!

Those acts by which the weak are made

To lose their blood by shaves in trade;

Tabooed the Banks, they must obtain

At two and three per cent of gain
Per month; paid Shylocks, who supply
The needs of such with greedy eye.
The Banks are run by those who play
Each unto each through every day.
There are who get what they desire,
All full of consequence and fire,
Paying but moderate for a loan,
While others for it sweat and groan.
What these may make by honest toil
They pay away as State Street spoil!
They see grow fat who suck their blood,
Too often called "the wise and good."
But State Street cannot be to such
A place where *love* is fostered much;
They go there always "to be skun,"

Forever, ever "to be done!"
And slain too oft by "silken Jacks,"
Who carry murder in their acts,
Dealing it out to any one
Whose needs oblige them to be "done."
From early life I've studied here,
Where skinning's done without a fear;
The innocent I've seen cleaned out,
Scarce e'er they turned to look about!
Not cleaner is the tooth of hound
Than were these fellows' pockets found,
Who marvelled at the wits so keen,
And straightway at their tricks were seen:
Apt, very apt were they to learn,
To take advantage in their turn.

Thus there is bred a set of thieves,
Whose arts the uninformed deceives;
They lie in wait with kindest air—
One never thinks them mean, unfair;
“They’ll talk up stocks not worth a d—n,”
While knowing they are all a sham!
And get good money for the same,
Without the slightest sense of shame.
Who can be gulled will grow so poor,
They’ll State Street curse for evermore.
Bankers and brokers—nearly all
Upon this street, within its call,
Will doom whoever gives them leave
To utter ruin! and believe
The wine they drink, the bread they eat,
As Christ’s Communion, is more sweet

To them, whose sordid love of gain
Completes the measure of their fame.
I know them well — who knows them not?
To whom has fallen the painful lot
“To raise the wind” just where they are,
To come within their loving care.

To fall into a hole of snakes,
'Mong briery and bewildering brakes,
Should be preferred to asking aid
Where daily's done so foul a trade.
Some here there are, who, like to be,
Of manly ways, from meanness free;
Whom kindly feeling often plies,
Whose business is but fair emprise;
Who deal, though sharply, yet most true,

Who'll not embrace, then murder you!
Careful they hold what they possess,
Would not dig pitfalls to distress;
Yet, if one wants their money, they
Will make him roundly for it pay;
But will not lead him to invest
In anything not deemed the best.
They may be trusted when they state
What they believe should gain create;
But beat to quarters on a trade,
They'll try and cast him in the shade!
If he's not keen to hold his own,
And bear with equal pressure down.
This is a warfare of the wit,
For which they practise to be fit;
Its points of honor well are ta'en,

It limits much the grab of gain!
State Street is graced by such who play
Fairly to win a business sway;
No spot of earth can show more pride,
Well founded in a record tried
Of business honor, manly heart,
Than some who here enact their part
Do justly feel — for they delight
In nothing not expressly right.
Yet, sharks abound, and reptiles, too,
They ever are in daily view;
All uninformed are “taken in,”
And kindly lightened of their “tin.”

So goes that life in stocks and sham,
Where coats of arms is but a Ham;

Hog plainly marks the action here
Straight through the gleanings of the year.
If one at times a feeling kind
Observes within a *shaver's* mind,
It glimmers but to fade away,
When he can't make his dealings pay.
I've many here seen break their necks;
Others to big things rise from specks;
While working hard, as best they knew,
To lift themselves high into view;—
Bar-tenders into bankers run;
As counter-jumpers some begun;
And God knows only what were they
Who figure foremost there to-day.
Whence come? from what? and how they sprung?
If from good stock, or from mere dung?

Though questions not of stern finance,
Yet I this way would take a glance.
I like to know about the seed
From which we vegetation breed;
I like to know about a man,
To sift him finely when I can.
But who the mongrels on this street,
As "shaving suckers" we oft meet,
May be, 'tis hard indeed to tell;
But sure it is from grace they fell.
Their dealings this, beyond a doubt,
So sickening fact has pointed out.
Without a conscience — all within
Is blasting, burning, seething sin!
They never speak but to mislead,
They never act, unless to bleed;

To drain the pockets of the weak,
Whose wants compel them such to seek.

O God! how canst thou spare the wretch
Who'll crush whome'er his tricks may catch;
How canst thou let him live, to sway
As Lord of Finance every day!
On State Street thou must look with ire,
Where mainly reigns a self-desire;
Where men will gather but to see
How they too oft can sorrow Thee!
Why shouldst thou not clean up the place,
Wipe out all those not of thy grace —
That cheating, irreligious chaff —
Those guilty things who at Thee laugh?
Then may thy Gospel there be law,

That moderate means may find some door
To enter by, where it will be
From imposition ever free!
Nor lose the life-blood from its heart,
Through Christians in the Devil's part.
Who has not felt, when on this street,
As sharp they look at those they meet,
That 'twould not do to ask a thing
Of many there, which would not bring
More to their pockets than is kind,
Or worthy of a noble mind!
Who has not felt that all he saw
Was but a satire on the law —
A running fight, where sneaks would bleed
Their betters who had come to need;
Where fellows handling cash would grind

Whoever they, so placed, may find.

Ah, State Street! why, when thou couldst do

So much to bless forever you —

Why wilt thou cling to sordid ways

Which *Heaven* nor *Truth* can never praise?

How happier would thy trimmers be,

If generous hearts they gave to thee!

We have no lease of life — this day

May see your best drop quick away;

What service, then, is all their pelf?

Which falls to fools in love with self!

Whate'er they leave behind may go,

Instead of bliss, to foster woe!

While, had they generous been in life,

Done good a plenty, willed less strife,

They would have seen with their own eyes

Happy hearts their bounty prize!
But, living in the pride of greed,
To their own selfish passions feed,
They die as dieth e'en the dog,
All future life to them a fog!
Habit is, when fixed, a force
'Tis hard diverting from its course.

O State Street! I would have thee rise,
Thy base transactions to despise;
I'd man to man have just and true,
And *Virtue* find a friend in you!
If this can never be, may God
Well smite thee with his potent rod,
And all thy shavers bring to grief,
Make obsolete the State Street thief.

“When Justice, heavenly Maid! was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her law,
Thronged around her open door;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse’s painting.
O Justice! sphere-descended maid,
The friend of Truth, and Wisdom’s aid,
Why, goddess! why, to us denied,
Layst thou thy ancient worth aside?
Where is thy native simple heart
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders in that godlike age
Fill thy recording history’s page.

"Tis said — and I believe the tale —
Thy humblest word could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this sordid age!
O, bid our vain endeavors cease,
Revive the early days of Greece!"





FUGITIVE POEMS.

TO
THE FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH,
WHETHER LIVING OR DEAD,
THESE FUGITIVE POEMS
ARE DEDICATED.

IN MEMORIAM.

TO CHARLES LYMAN, ESQ.

As one by one the earth receives

Those we've known in life as true,
The broken ties of friendship grieves,
Though, elsewhere, we may them renew.
So do we sigh to see thine end,
Kind husband, father, trusty friend.

This Home for those who fall away
Through sin to degradation's plain,
Is witness to the Christian sway
It bore o'er thee, to aid reclaim :
Whatever seemed good work, thy heart
Was pleased to be of it a part.

If *all* were touched with feeling deep
For what is seen most hard to bear,
How many now with joy would leap
Who oft are sad from want of care.
If all as *thou* would *something* do
To better Life — the crushed, how few !

TO MRS. J*****H R*****I.

LINES WRITTEN ON ATTENDING ONE OF HER
MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS.

I.

MUSIC, Sweet Music, 'tis the life of my soul,
Its strains they ravish my ear,
And, oh, there are times when I cannot control,
The feelings which run to a tear ;
And roll down my cheek,
Then ne'er can I speak,
So wrapped are my thoughts in Art,
So happy am I,
Ah, then I could die,
When enraptured by Music my heart.

II.

As I sat last night amid eyes so bright,
 And heard thy pupils sing,
 Oh, my heart was filled with Melody's light,
 And my soul seemed on the wing!
 Thou canst teach so well,
 And can cast such a spell,
 By the magic of thine Art,
 That I wish I might be,
 A dear R*****i
 To gladden with Music the heart.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON RECEIPT OF A CROSS FROM A
LADY FRIEND.

I.

I THANK you for the pretty gift,
The emblem of the true,
The Cross — it will each soul uplift,
The Spirit's life renew!

II.

We bear it well who murmur least,
At trials ever by,
We bear it well who early ceased,
God's mandates to decry.

III.

We suffer most who love not truth,
Though truth may curb our pride,
And keep us poor while Sin, forsooth,
In coach and four may ride !

IV.

For Conscience is a deathless power,
It sleeps oft-times to wake,
At some unlooked-for hapless hour,
A sweet revenge to take.

V.

It hurls its victims to despair,
It darkens every thought,
Makes hideous all that once was fair,
And O, so pure and bright !

VI.

Let Conscience, then, be unto thee,
To me, and all beside,
A holy trust which e'er shall be,
Our best and noblest pride.

VII.

A cheating, overreaching mind,
May get and keep high place,
Whilst truthful dealing goes behind,
At slower, heavier pace.

VIII.

But if sweet Truth will "pay our way,"
For all our debts provide,
For us there's sunshine every day —
The Cross our certain guide.

IX.

Yet if this Truth should fail to guard,
Our lives from Debt and Grief,
Still let us look, yes, look toward
The Cross — our firm belief!

X.

Our sorrows never can exceed,
Those borne by Him who said,
Through tribulation we were freed,
And lifted from the dead!

XI.

That death which shades the soul from light,
While carnal pleasures reign,
And nought but grossness can delight,
Its tastes and fancies vain.

XII.

To be in Christ, to bear the Cross,
Because of love for Him,
Is e'er to be at peace though loss,
Of cherished hopes come in.

XIII.

For come they will as life wears on,
One hope alone survives,
It is the hope in that pure One,
The Infidel derides.

XIV.

Whose gentle life we seek to live,
"To do the thing that's right,"
And from our bounty e'er to give,
When giving would delight.

XV.

That He, our Saviour, and our God,
When Earth has passed away,
If patiently we've borne His rod,
May bless with peace our way, —

XVI.

Our way through all Eternity,
Our knowledge of His power,
Our love of Truth and Beauty,
Imperfect through Earth's hour.

XVII.

The Cross, the Cross! be it our light,
In Pleasure's day and Sorrow's night.

APRIL, 1855.

TO MRS. DR. T*****E,

AN OLD FRIEND *née* SARAH S***H.

These lines were written on her complaint of neglect.

I.

THINK not that I can e'er forget,

Those prized in early years,

Think not that I can e'er forget,

Those early smiles and tears ;

So take these flowers remembering ever,

Your friend, though queer, forgets thee never.

II.

His thoughts are not as others' thoughts,

His ways as others' ways,

Life's many bitter lessons taught,
Has dimmed its brightest rays;
But yet his early friends they still,
With pleasant thoughts his memory fill.

III.

So take these flowers, forgive what seems
In him a careless mind,
Remember that he lives in dreams,
To solitude inclined;
And while his early friends are dear,
'Tis not alone for these his tear.

IV.

That this should be is not so strange,
In one who like himself,
Would o'er the world so widely range
For happiness and pelf;
Disgust at what he's seen of things,
Has chilled his heart and clipped his wings.

V.

But early friends he can't forget,
Neglectful though he seems,
Whate'er their sorrows he regrets,
Whate'er their vanished dreams;
Then take these flowers so fresh and fair,
Old friends are always in his care.

APRIL 7, 1870.



THE DEATH-BED OF A MOTHER.

DECEASED JULY 27, 1853.

BEHOLD the Mother in the toils of Death,
Which seems like sleep, as shorter grows her breath.
Hence she had come with no unwilling mind,
At length from care, a rest in God to find.
Immortal homes seemed present to her faith,
As wasted by disease she drew her breath.
About her gathered, in the garb of Grief,
Were those whose Sorrow knew of no relief;
Upon her bosom fell their copious tears,
While calm her eyes and unapproached by fears —
That bosom, soon to moulder into dust,
Which ever beat to what was pure and just.
O form, so animate but yesterday!
With grace unstudied in its native play,

And sweetest beauty which each feature gave,
 A light and life as pleasant as the wave,
 How changed from what thou wast in all but this —
 Thy lovely smile which ever claimed a kiss:
 Thy cares and sorrows here have left no trace,
 But all is peace, and happiness, and grace.
 Those eyes bent o'er thee, weeping heart felt tears,
 Gladly with thee would end their stricken years.
 Sublime repose is pictured on thy brow,
 No sign of doubt or fear is there to bow,
 The hearts of those who ever held thee dear,
 Whose joy it was to smile away thy tear —
 Sublime repose! Subdued, resigned, we see,
 In it the reflex of Eternity!
 What sting has death, or victory the grave,
 To one who thinks Messiah's Love can save,
 When like a summer sunset goes to rest,
 The careworn, broken, bleeding human breast —
 To rest in Nature's fairer fields of Light,
 Where Justice triumphs o'er the arts of Might;

Where friendship may not be what it is here,
A selfish compact stained too oft with tear!
What sting has death, or victory the grave,
To Christian minds believing Christ will save?
To upright live, is calmly e'er to die,
To fall asleep, to dream in ecstasy!
Her children loved her and with kisses pressed,
Her thin, wan lips, and faded cheeks caressed,
Submissive to the will that is supreme —
A stern reality, and not a dream.
E'en as a statue stood the Sire there,
His features marked with Sorrow and with Care:
Few were his tears, yet all his soul was thought,
Of her who had Life's battle with him fought.
But soft! she speaks; her mild blue eyes reveal,
What she would say, but now can only feel.
Her daughter dear, depressed and pale, beside
The mother stands, her darling and her pride;
There, as some tender plant, she seems to droop,
Before Death's Angel's too resistless swoop.

To womanhood just verged she never knew
 A grief like this; it was an anguish new.
 The mother to her heart so warm had ta'en
 This daughter fair, she parted with in pain:
 As twines the ivy green, so they were twined,
 But soon will Death these cords of love unbind.
 That budding life the mother hoped to tend,
 As her best guide, and dear devoted friend,
 Must cease to her within the present hour,
 Obedient to Decay's relentless power;
 That budding life she thought she clearly saw,
 All unadapted to Life's social war.
 She gazed upon her fair child's face, and seems
 (As trickled from her cheeks a tear) in dreams;
 But soon she spoke, and to the sons and sire, —
 "Why weep for me? I do not this desire;
 Comfort your hearts with hopes that light my mind,
 And God's dear grace in hours like these you'll find."
 She shut her eyes, her face was all repose,
 Though fast her life was running to a close.

The sun beneath the western hills declines,
The shades of evening gather close their lines ;
The room so still was never known before,
Where those who entered softly shut the door ;
'Twas light and airy, and in heartfelt prayer,
Daily had knelt the loving mother there :
O, these familiar things ! how oft have they
Heard her devoutly for her children pray.
Ah, brief's the time that she may linger here,
Within these walls which would in grief appear,
Could things insensate mourn for those who die
From out its presence, long beneath its eye.
But soft ! her lips are moving — she would speak ;
How hard her breathing ; O, 'tis now so weak !
For air she gasps while tears from all there flow,
Who, ranged beside her bed, gaze on her brow.
“ Weep not,” she lisps, “ we all shall meet again.
To live and love without this earthly pain ;
Believe in Him who on the Cross expired,
And in return for love but love desired.”

Sweet, potent words, which grief dispels. O faith
 Supreme ! which conquers passions, even Death !
 Come unto all, abide within our lives,
 Be part of us which Earth's dark doubts survives.
 How priceless is thy balm those only know,
 Who've learned the emptiness of worldly show !
 Again the lips are moving : " God and Peace,"
 She softly speaks ; and now her breath doth cease !
 Upon her features were transfixed the gaze
 Of sire and children, and in silent praise
 They looked upon a scene of moral power
 Which blessed, despite the grief that marked the
 hour.

Those soft blue eyes whose loving light had fled,
 Will ne'er by them be ever deemed as dead,
 But to their lives will be a living ray,
 To guide through Earth and point to Heaven the
 way.

Nor will they e'er forget while memory lasts,
 The grace and beauty which away has past.

That brow benignant with its faith supreme;
That soul so truthful with its hopes, its dream;
That dream of Heaven whence it longed to go,
A better life, a better trust to know.

IN MEMORIAM.

LINES INSCRIBED ON A BRONZE AND MARBLE URN
TO THE AUTHOR'S PARENTS.

THIS Urn to thee my parents dear,
Shall sacred e'er remain,
Thy spirits still to mine are near,
Thy true love still the same.
The Good thou taught me to acquire,
The Evil to ignore,
To check each mean and false desire,
To cultivate the pure !
Thy memory is a solid joy,
For thou didst truly love thy boy.

W. A. C.

DEW DROPS.

Written at the request of a dear lady friend.

I.

THE sky is clear, the stars shine bright,
The breezes mildly blow,
And fill my soul with Nature's light,
As dew drops round me glow,
As sparkling dew drops glow,
So silvery, softly glow.

II.

'This sparkling dew is Angels' tears,
Shed for the woes of Time,

For sorrowing Man ! as fast he nears,
The Angels' home divine !
At Evening's hour they fall,
So softly, silvery fall.

III.

These pearly drops the flowers love,
Whose odors back are given,
To those who tend them from above,
With e'en the tears of Heaven !
These dew drops round me glow,
So softly, brightly glow.

THE BUD.

I.

SWEET little bud upon my breast,
Whose fragrance fills the air,
Of lovely things thou art the best,
So innocent and fair!
Sweet little bud, dear little bud,
For thee alone I care.

II.

The winds that waft thy perfume on,
Are pleasant winds to me,
Yes, little bud, my pretty one,
Because, a part of thee!
Sweet little bud, dear darling bud,
I only care for thee.

III.

I'd ever keep thee as thou art,
So sweetly fresh and bright,
Unto mine eyes and to my heart,
The fairest thing of light !
Sweet little bud, dear darling bud,
The type of Love and Right.

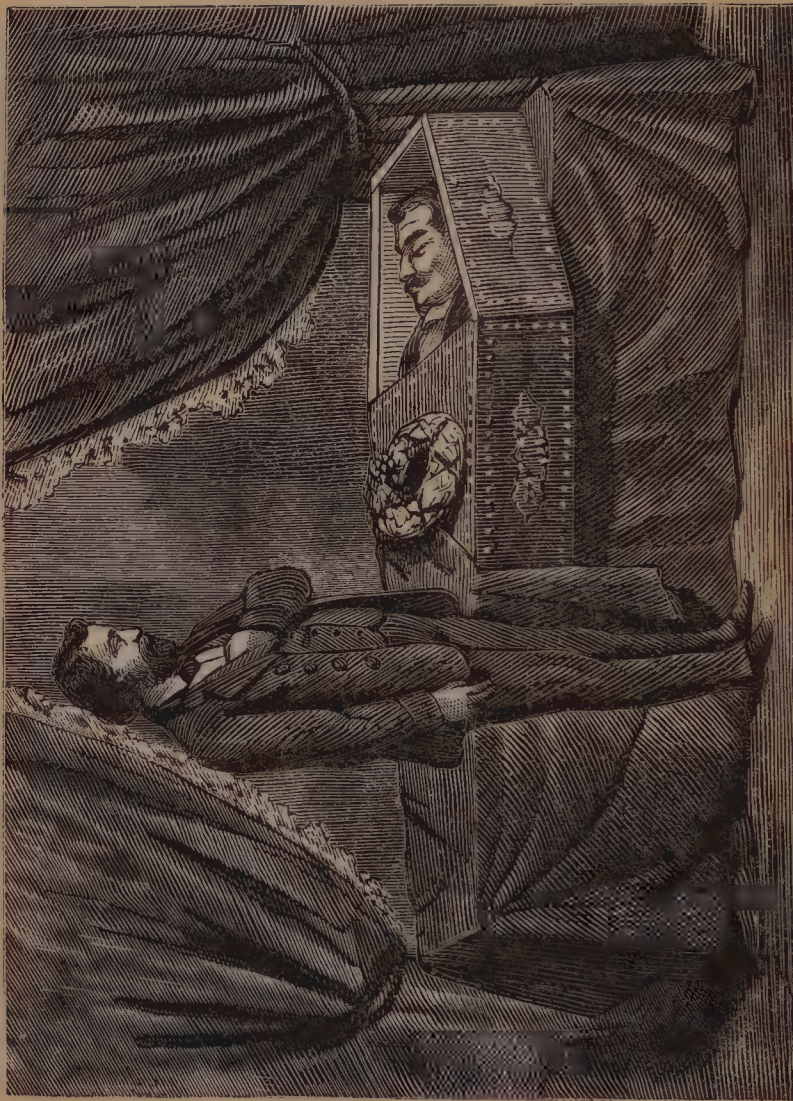
BRIGHT EYES.

FAIR spirit of the Ponca tribe
Who stood so bravely for its rights,
 In hope — a happy dream
Of Justice, none could bribe ;
In which true honor much delights,
 Though only Fancy's beam !

When has thy race received its due
From those who've wasted it by wrong,
 Since first the Pilgrims came ;
To plant themselves, and build anew
To God, through prayer and pious song,
 His Word, with tongue of flame ?

Ye might have hoped as well to gain
A blessing from who only curse,
As think thy race to save
From heartless usage by thy strain,
Without the pleadings of a purse —
Though eloquent and brave!

Yet, thou hast won the praise of all ;
A heroine thy rank must be
Forever ! so we prize,
Who, roused by Duty's bugle call,
Bend not to fear a pliant knee,
But strike as didst — Bright Eyes.



TO THE SPIRIT OF A FATHER,

Who lived a good man ; who was just in his dealings, generous in his feelings, a devoted husband and parent, and the kindest of friends. Died July 28, 1866, aged 74 years.

I.

I gaze upon thy lifeless form,
I *feel* the death that's there,
I gaze upon thy features shorn,
Of all once, once so fair,
My father dear —
For thee this tear.

II.

From boyhood thou hast been to me,
A love which never waned,

And if I e'er have sorrowed thee,
 Or thy true love profaned,
 My father dear —
 See, see my tear.

III.

I weep that I shall no more know,
 Thy tenderness so warm,
 Unceasing was its gentle flow,
 To shield from every harm,
 My father dear —
 For thee this tear.

IV.

I saw thy vision fade away,
 I saw thy health decline,
 But yet I ever saw thee gay,
 With *Faith* and *Hope* divine !
 My father dear —
 For thee this tear.

V.

I saw thee struggling with disease,
Through torture hard to bear,
For years without a day of ease,
Yet faithful to each care,
My father dear —
For thee this tear.

VI.

Thy gallant fight I think of now,
More, more than e'er before,
As I behold thy pallid brow,
That once such action bore,
My father dear —
See, see my tear.

VII.

But if the ruthless scythe of Age,
Has cut thee down at last,

Thy memory is a living page,
 Of beauty and of trust,
 My father dear —
 For thee this tear.

VIII.

Thy life was gentle as the breeze,
 That fans a Summer sea,
 It was thy happiness to please,
 E'en those unkind to thee,
 My father dear —
 For thee this tear.

IX.

We did not always think alike,
 We differed oft I know,
 But ne'er opinions caused dislike,
 Or put between us woe,
 My father dear —
 For thee this tear.

X.

I mourn thee as my best of friends,
A parent ever true ;
With dearest memories sweetly blends,
The beautiful in you,
My father dear —
See, see my tear.

XI.

I'm proud that thou hast left to me,
An honorable name,
Far better 'tis than wealth from thee,
By dealings to thy shame,
My father dear —
See, see my tear.

XII.

I've known thee long, I've loved thee well,
Thy loss it moves my heart,

I cannot in deep sorrow tell,
 How sad from thee to part,
 My father dear —
 For thee this tear.

XIII.

I kiss thy brow; 'tis cold, ah, cold!
 Yes, yes, thou art no more;
 Death has thee in its vice-like hold,
 Upon its silent shore,
 My father dear —
 See, see my tear.

XIV.

Farewell — yet soon I'll meet thee there,
 I'll be with thee again;
 O, may I leave a name as fair,
 A life not lived in vain,
 My father dear —
 Accept this tear.

XV.

Accept it as the silent thought,
Of beauty in thy past,
Which with these flowers I have brought,
An offering the last,
To thee I tend;
My father — friend.

XVI.

Farewell, farewell,
O, speed away,
Where all is light,
Eternal day!

JULY 28, 1866.

THE ARTIST TRUE.

THE Artist's world, as measureless as light,
And beautiful as Nature's forms are seen ;
With grief o'ershadowed, though with hope 'tis
bright,

Its work goes happy when the mind's serene ;
Amid Earth's rude and selfish passions dire,
In dreams the artist lives, as Beauty sways,
That wraps his spirit flaming with desire
To give expression to the thought which plays
Within him lively — chafing at delays.

The Artist's world ! all flooded with his tears !
That, what he would he oft does not attain ;

Where he with trembling hope ambition steers
In lonely watches, to the strand of Fame!
Frequent a wreck upon this treacherous shore,
While others, *no more skilled*, go safely on;
Nor care how much the suffering wrecks endure,
If brightly shine for *them* fair fortune's sun,
And what they covet shall at length be won.

The Artist's world! yet would I be of it
An insect, than in sensual life a lord!
For all his pleasures and attainments fit,
And every good such fortune could accord:
To perfect paint the richly-tinted flower;
To put in marble what the Fancy wills;
To wield with *grace* the Poet's weird-like power,
And charm with Music's soft enchanting thrills —
A bliss this is to balance countless ills.

Yes, Nature, yes ! who suffer in thy name,
With souls so fashioned to thy beauties love,
May still be thine, though little known to fame ;
Since doth their thoughts a godlike passion move ;
Through *thee* they live in majesty divine
Within the realm of their own vision's range —
The Artist's world ! where all is so sublime ;
Impressed with God, and beautifully strange,
Whose wild delights will oft the mind derange.

The Artist's world ! an o'erthrown reason *there*,
Is like a flower stricken by the frost ;
Perfection sought too oft disgust, despair,
Disturbs unceasing, till its light is lost !
Many a one there is, who so doth fall ;
With few to honor such unhappy fame ;
Whose woeful presence fails not to appall,

When Art there's *none*, nor sign of it remains ;

Nor e'en a hope of better state sustains ;

Yet are the glories of this world divine !

With all its grief I am contented here ;

Though no high fame is mine, or may be mine,

And frequent glisten in these eyes a tear ;

Though friendships are as they may be elsewhere,

My soul, by Beauty's study, can forget

What is not in mankind all wise and fair,—

By Art enchanted, faithful to her yet,

Though doomed by her to many a deep regret.

THE LOVER'S FAREWELL.

I'D have thee bear me in thy heart,
I'd have thee love me well ;
I'd have thee sad that we must part,
But ne'er thy sadness tell.
Arlette, farewell !

We may not meet again, my dear ;
Uncertain glides each hour ;
Yet only death shall ever tear
From me thy beauty's power.
Farewell ! Good-by !

Ah, yes ! adieu, my Arlette dear ;
I'm sad to leave thee, love ;
I'd have thee ever to me near,
My angel and my dove !
Farewell ! farewell !

Think, think of me each passing day,
Alone on life's dark sea,
And for my safety ever pray,
As I shall pray for thee.
Arlette, farewell !



THE EVENING STAR.

Written at the request of a beautiful woman, who became displeased with the author, for the most trifling reasons.

I.

BRIGHTLY shines the Evening Star,
On which I love to gaze,
And watch its twinkling disk afar,
Through Night's ethereal haze —
Brightly shines the Evening Star,
Shining ever from afar.

II.

Softly beams that orb of light,
In silence and in love,

And lifts my soul to dreams so bright,
Of happier homes above —
Softly beams that orb of light,
Shining ever, ever bright.

III.

Gently fall thy rays on Earth,
Where *Care* and *Sorrow* are,
Where bliss too often dies at birth,
Bemoaned by thee fair Star!
Gently fall thy rays on Earth,
Shining brightly from thy birth.

IV.

Sweetly winning are thy smiles,
I feel entranced by thee,
Thy beauty oft my heart beguiles,
Thou art a joy to me —
Twinkling, twinkling from afar,
Brightly shining lovely Star!

V.

Kindly speaking to us all,
Through *Silence* and through *Night*,
To live in Love whate'er befall,
In Peace, in Truth, and Right —
Kindly speaking from afar,
Brightly shining lovely Star.

MAY 10, 1872.

THE PURE IN HEART.

*" Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."*
— GRAY.

FULL many a one who knows the wrong from right,
Delights in doing what is most unkind ;
Some darling hope or gentle life to blight,
Where it was thought a generous friend to find ;
And this, to Church though they may chance be-
long,
Is their sad record too much stained with vice ;
With prayer they mingle and with holy song,
Their evil thoughts and cunning, dark devise.

Profession is the cloak they wear, to hide

The guilty conscience and their guilty deeds ;
In which they trust with confidence and pride,

While their unrighteous, subtle wit succeeds :
But, soon 't is seen of men, as known to God,

Too mean are they to live, too false to die ;
And tremble as they look upon the sod,
Beneath which soon their mortal frames must lie.

What can there be in *sin*, which so degrades,

Of pleasure worth the price for it that 's given ;
That sweetest peace and happiness invades

A melody for Earth, the gift of Heaven ?
Who has not felt that living right is full

Of satisfactions, prosperous wrong would know,
But never can ! — to moral teaching dull,
In conscience seared, and fated unto woe ?

Who has not felt the holiness of truth,

More beautiful than ever yet was said :
Which human life, in feeble age or youth,

Hath richly blest through willing heart and head ?

What is there in its stead we can accept
As worth attention through this vale of tears ;
To soothe our sorrows, and remorse, regret,
As pass we on the current of our years ?

What is not pure — ah, how can it give joy,
Or fail to wreck whatever life it leads ?
To be at peace we must ourselves employ
In works of holiness, if not with creeds.
Father of Light and Love ! Messiah, thou
Gave us to follow, as the way to thee ;
O teach us all unto Thy will to bow,
And through thy Grace the pure in heart to be !

“ Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

THE RECLUSE.

'T is not because I hate mankind
I live within myself,
'T is not because I little find
To prize in Fame and Pelf,
Despising all those petty arts
And tricks of Custom's tread ;
Ah, no ! it is the cold, cold hearts
That strike faith dumb and dead !
When from the saddened soul departs
Its trust in hopes then fled.

'T is not because I hate mankind
I shun the bustling crowd,
Nor of my own too restless mind
Am over-vain and proud ;

Nor is it that my life has been
A chain of sad disgusto,
Nor that in every good I've seen
Too much I should distrust —
But ah ! it is because I know
How soon a friend may be a foe.

• There are who take our hand to-day,
To-morrow will upbraid,
Against our welfare meanly play,
Deny us every aid !
We love and trust, to learn how dead
Are nearly all to truth,
Whilst backwards are our spirits led
To dreams of hopeful youth !
And thus it is within myself,
I live and laugh at pride and pelf.

What profiteth a man to gain
The loftiest commands,
When he must know how false and vain
The labor of his hands !

He toils to rise to envied name —

A demigod to be ;

But what to him is all his fame

When passed, O grave — to thee?

So, thus it is, within myself,

I live and laugh at pride and pelf.

I laugh to see the airs in vogue

Among those “ doing well,”

Who “ do ” with charming grace the rogue

Nor fear a fall to hell ;

I smile to see the *Ass* in power

Who brays that *might* is right,

And whom I ’d hurl through every hour

To Hecate pale, and Night !

Because of this, within myself

I dwell, nor ask for fame or pelf.

Since, O, ’t is better so to live

Than with the crowd to lie,

And in their ethics to believe

And as their dog to die !

What are the honors one can win
Inseparate from dirt,
And what's "position," else, than sin,
If scholar, trader, squirt?
So, I, within myself abide,
And others leave to push and pride.

'T is not because I hate mankind,
I go not with the crowd ;
Nor, that I think I've better mind,
And am of this o'erproud ;
Nor is it that I cannot bear
The clash of wit's contend,
Which pays no heed, and gives no care
To ought save selfish end —
But, 't is because I love to be
Nearer than this — my God — to Thee !

MY MOTHER'S SMILE.

THOUGH many years have passed away
Since died my mother, loved so well,
Her smile is for me every day —

So sweet I have not words to tell.
When pain and anguish wring my brow,
And life seems weary, dreary gain,
And I am staggering from some blow
Dealt me by the mean and vain —
'T is then that matchless, loving smile,
Dispels my gloom from usage vile.

It may be that 't is fancy all ;
That she I loved next to my God
Has perished as the leaf does fall,
To rise no more than it from sod ;

It may be that the soul is light,
Which as a candle fades away ;
And all our beamy hopes so bright,
Are nothing more than senseless clay !
Yet, my mother's smile, it seems to be
Eternal ! as the stars I see.

That gentle soul, that gracious heart,
My boyhood's wayward spirit led,
And plumed it for an honest part
Through this sad world, in sin so dead !
It was her smile which ruled me then ;
It is her smile which guides me now ;
And though I'm grieved by ways of men,
Her memory crowns with peace my brow ;
For, oh, my mother's smile, I know,
Points to rest from sin and woe.

A life where figures will not lie,
Where meanness shall not enter in ;
Where friendships are not born to die ;
For there the soul is free from sin !

A life where beauty cannot curse ;
Where genius shall have gentle care !
And where the inspired art of verse
Shall not, as *here*, so roughly fare —
My mother's smile, that life to me,
Makes clear as things so pure can be.

There are who live and die in doubt,
Who see in Christ no word of life ;
Whose work and talents are without
The bias of a Christian's strife.
What's he who thinks there's nothing to
Our Holy Writ of binding law ;
How sad and cheerless must his view
Forever be of that — before !
No sainted mother's gracious smile
Could peace secure or tears beguile.

MUSIC'S CHARMS.

THE rippling brook goes softly by,
While near the lambkins stray ;
The happy birds, on branches high,
Sing sweetly at their play ;
'T is Music's charms through Nature's lyre,
The loving heart will never tire ;
Sing, birdie, sing ; thy song so free
Will ever bind my soul to thee.

Now hearken to the sounds which flow
In liquid strains so fine ;
The bugle's swell, the flute's soft glow,
What more than this — divine ?

The notes, so full of feeling, float
As lightly as the sunbeam's mote —
Sweet Music's charms through mind and art,
Whose forms of beauty touch the heart.

Ah! hark, again! how sweet that air —

The human voice's power!

From roseate lips of one so fair,

And beaming as a flower;

'Tis vocal Music's charms thus given,

A smile for Earth from gracious Heaven;

Sing, sweet one, sing; thy song so free

Shall ever bind my soul to thee!

TO MISS K***Y.

I.

THINE eyes, so beautiful and bright,
So large, expressive, true,
Are as the stars that gem the night,
Set in the silent blue!
They tell of that within thy mind,
Too gentle for a world unkind.

II.

But let thy soul be guarded well,
Unto thyself be true,
Do not 'gainst Nature's laws rebel,
Strict justice ever do;
Then Peace and Love entwined will be,
My sweet one, ever near to thee.



BROOKSIDE.

I.

THE friends I find so genial here,
Give pleasure to my mind,
And to my heart I draw them near,
The kindest of the kind;
Brookside, to thee mine eyes I turn,
When o'er my soul sweep Sorrows stern.

II.

'Tis here that Love has made its home,
Mid green and grassy dells;
'Tis here that strife can rarely come,
Where faith so gentle dwells;
Both he and she who grace this spot,
Have found in Love a happy lot.

III.

Their lives inspire in me the trust,

That I, too, may attain,

To that for which I ever thirst —

Sweet love without a stain !

Brookside, to thee I bend my way,

When I would pass a happy day.

IV.

Happy day, ah, happy day !

Who truly loves may know,

And by Affection wear away,

The adamant of Woe !

Then, Brookside, be to me e'er dear,

For that sweet love I know is here.

JUNE 10, 1869.

THE WEALTH OF SONG.

WHEN wrapped in the Evening's starlit sky,
Whose glittering splendor charms mine eye,
 With waterfalls to cheer ;
Ah, then am I glad to be forgot,
By all but the love in yonder cot,
 Unto my heart so dear ;
 Whose wealth of song,
 My joys prolong,
 My griefs remove,
 By strains of Love,
To waft me to those stars above.

Her beautiful notes so clear and sweet,
E'er draw me enchanted to her feet,
 In tenderness to lie ;

And there while enamored of her lay,
It melts as a mirage soft away,
I hope as song to die !
How sweet to die,
O, thus to die !
Without a pain,
A Heaven to gain,
Where song shall have a ceaseless strain.

Ah, there in the far-off bounds of space,
Will Hellas' fair dulcet children grace,
The home of Harmony !
Where, safe in the Eternal's Father's care,
With never a sign, or sense of fear,
'T will dwell, O God, with Thee !
With Thee to love,
In Thee to move,
By song to sway,
Through endless day,
The pure in heart who love Thy way.

IN MEMORIAM.

DR. J. MASON WARREN, ■ true Gentleman and faithful Surgeon
and Friend.

" All must die passing through
Nature to Eternity ! "

I.

It is a usage, trite and just,
To mourn the gifted dead,
To tend with care their honored dust,
Whence all of life has fled —
But o'er thy form, my noble friend,
I would with deeper sorrow bend.

II.

Thine was a *genius* and a *love*,
Which Duty made supreme ;

Thine was a hope which ranged above,
This world's too fitful dream ;
Nature, Science gave to thee,
Firm trust in immortality.

III.

That faith, too, which alone can bind,
The Soul on Earth to Heaven,
Was to thy keen, receptive mind,
By Truth's sweet spirit given ;
You were on earth as one who *knew*,
The soul would live through Death anew.

IV.

Modest in thy ways of mind,
A gentleman most true,
To all thy patients ever kind,
They loved thee as are few ;
None aimed to do their work more sure,
Than thou, my friend, with us no more.

V.

Though rarely men are born who die,
 With none to fill their place,
Though soon the tears of Sorrow dry,
 Whate'er the lost one's grace ;
Yet there are those who'll sigh for thee,
While life shall last and memory.

TO J * * * A .

A SONG.

I.

I DREAMED that I dwelt beside a stream,
Where a darling was wont to go ;
She seemed to me as a beautiful dream,
Too sweet for Earth and Woe ;
So I said of the Dead,
How happy are they,
Asleep, asleep — away.

Chorus.

O she seems to my dreams,
The brightest of beams,
Affection's fairest star !
O she seems to my dreams,
The brightest of beams,
For Earth too lovely far !

II.

I dreamed that I dwelt a lonely man,
That the darling upon me smiled,
Saying sweetly to me, "O, sir, you can,
By *Love* be ever beguiled :"
Then I said of the Dead,
No happier they,
Asleep, asleep — away.

Chorus.

O she seems to my dreams, &c.

III.

I dreamed that I lived the better for her,
For the cheer she gave to me,
And as her bright hair the breezes stir,
An Angel she seemed to be!
So I said of the Dead,
I'm as happy as they,
Asleep, asleep — away!

Chorus.

O she seems to my dreams, &c.

IV.

I dreamed that she came to the stream where I live,
That I saw her dear form each day,
And that all which she said I was quick to believe,
Her love was so bright a ray;
Then I said to the Dead,
I wish never to die,
While my darling one is nigh.

Chorus.

O she seems to my dreams, &c.

THE SEA-SHORE.

I LOVE to stand upon the beach
And watch the coming waves ;
I love to hear the laugh and screech
Of the bathers fairest braves,
Who in the surf take such delight
While lifted by its play —
O, 't is indeed a charming sight !
These visions of the bay.

I love to watch the distant sails
Which dot the dark blue sea ;
Now filled by light and welcome gales —
A happiness to me ;
To gather curious shells and stones,
Inhale the bracing air ;

And view the many sunny homes
Around me here and there.

Yes, I have loved the ocean well,
From boyhood's merry hour ;
And am familiar with its swell,
Its fearful storms and power ;
There is no place where I so feel
How weak is human force,
To stay the laws which there reveal
How firm is nature's course.

Roll on, thou deep blue ocean, roll !
Here on this beach we meet ;
Who hath for thee a loving soul,
Come here thy waves to greet ;
Which break in sparkling foam along
The white, smooth, rippled sand ;
And dash with easy step among
The rocks which skirt the land.

There's music in thy ceaseless roar ;
 I sleep more sound by thee ;
Listening, dozing, till no more
 I hear thy lullaby ;
All nature seems to prize thee well —
 The sun, the moon, the stars ;
Thou art, as some impassioned belle,
 Loved much, though deep she scars.

When comes my end I would by thee
 Be near to breathe my last,
And to thy billows rolling free
 Would have my mortal cast.
For thou and I are much the same
 In spirit! which doth roam
Around the world in cold disdain
 Of all it calls — “ mine own.”

TO SARAH,

The Author's Nurse during serious Illness, who requested some
Lines for her Album.

I.

I NE'ER forget your care, my friend —
Your care of me when ill,
Nor shall forget until life's end,
How hearty was your will :
Duty done,
Is Heaven begun.

II.

Since from thy care I passed away,
I've suffered much indeed,

And dark has seemed too many a day,
From which I would be freed,
Freed by death —
What is breath?

III.

But sunny hours are coming now,
The gloom lights up apace,
And on the Future's happier brow,
A lighter shade I trace;
May joy come,
Of this begun.

IV.

Yes, Joy, sweet Joy, 'tis what I need,
Health, health so long unknown,
To take the place of that base weed,
Which as disease is sown;
Welcome health,
Oh, 'tis wealth.

V.

I parted with it for the fame,
Which Labor may command,
But e'en not Genius' fairest name,
Against sweet Health can stand;
Ah, no —
All is woe.

VI.

Accursed the pride which Nature's laws,
Aside will cast for Fame;
Accursed the pride that will not pause,
In working for a name!
That love of self,
With loss of health.

VII.

Give me once more a hardy brain,
And nerves most steady, true,

And I will never risk again,
The health that once I knew;
No, not I,
Fame, good bye.

VIII.

Ah, Sarah, though thy duties are,
The duties of a maid,
Yet happier thou, methinks, by far,
Than those by Genius made;
Sighs it is,
Ah, not bliss.

IX.

Be happy that thy mind is clear,
To see thy way of life;
Be happy that for thee no tear,
Waits on Ambition's strife!
Yes, happy,
Happy be.

X.

If when thy cares do fret thee much,
And Sorrow comes too near,
Be thankful they are rarely such,
As bring with them a tear;
Yes, be pleased,
At this ease.

XI.

The world is filled with bleeding hearts,
With souls all lost to shame,
Who've meanly played their varied parts,
To win some sought-for name;
Safe are you,
Of the few.

TO ONE UNKNOWN,

Who wrote the author to send her some lines on Woman for ■
keepsake.

I.

WOMAN is too prone to fly,
To every fancied hope of glee,
And whilst she thinks she e'er would die,
For him she loves — omits to be
What he'd have her — truly pure,
That he can feel with her secure.

II.

Though kind her heart, well stored her mind,
Still are her tastes by far too vain,

And she is oft too apt to find,
In worthless habits fancied gain;
So pass her days away,
Which often do not pay!

III.

The love of praise, the hope of power,
In woman's soul will charm away,
Her mind and heart from fairest bower,
Secluded in some lonesome way;
E'en though a love live there,
As new-blown roses fair.

IV.

Excitement is her heart's delight,
The world her game — she plays it well,
And only that she deems is *Might*,
Cares she to think of or to tell;
Few women but are so,
And this no doubt you know.

TO ERNESTINE.

THE CHILD OF PASSION AND OF SONG.

I.

O, PRIZE me less,
Ah, think of me,
As one thy lover
Should not be :
Cast not a deeper
Sorrow here,
Where beats my heart,
And flows my tear.

II.

If in the haste of
Feeling strong,

We have each other
Borne along,
O, let us now while,
Yet we may,
Accept a better,
Happier way.

III.

O, take me to thy
Bosom near,
Simply as your friend
Most dear,
And love me as
Some work of Art,
Which charms the eye,
But not the heart.

IV.

Then shall that pride
Of which you write,

Suffer through me
No wrong, no blight;
Then shall our friendship
Last for aye,
And both in concord,
Live and die.

V.

But, sweet one, if we
Seek to be,
What cannot hap
In peace to thee;
What cannot give to
My strange soul,
That perfect joy
In part, or whole —

VI.

If this we seek, we
Shall not find,

What we may wish —

A happy mind !

So, darling, let us

Live that life,

Most free from hate,

Most free from strife.

VII.

Be you yourself,

I'll myself be,

In friendship only

Think of thee ;

Let's meet in this,

So happy thought,

And by its influence

Peace be taught, —

VIII.

That peace which only

Those can know,

Who guard the passions
Well from woe,
And form no ties which
Fill the breast,
With dark suspicions,
And unrest.

IX.

My darling one, O,
Think me right,
Deem not I could these
Lines indite,
If to my soul came
Not a power,
To guard us both
From evil hour.

X.

As lover *thine*, I
Ne'er should know,

One day, one hour,
All free from woe;
But in my mind would
Lurk that fear,
From which would flow
Full many a tear!

XI. ■

O, spare me, then, my
Sweet, sweet one,
These sorrows deep,
Ere yet begun,
And give to me no
Other claim,
Than that I ask in
Friendship's name.

TO A FAIR GERMAN LADY,

Who presented the author with a handsome mat made by
herself.

I.

I THANK you for the mat, dear friend,
'Tis beautiful indeed,
It will unto my comfort lend,
'Tis what I much do need —
Beautiful, 'tis beautiful,
Of tender care, of heart so full.

II.

I prize it as the talent thine,
The skill which God has given,

The taste, the feeling, is divine,
A reflex bright of Heaven!
Beautiful, 'tis beautiful,
Of tender care, of heart so full.

III.

If mid the scenes of Earth once more,
My life shall come to be —
If Time shall my lost health restore,
I'll make return to thee;
This beautiful, so beautiful,
Shall dearer grow to me.

IV.

To tell thee all my being fills,
Of beauty in thy soul,
Which active sorrow often stills,
To light to me the world,
Would be to do a work like this,
And with each stitch to blend a kiss.

V.

When tempted to forget the *true*,
While battling with the World,
Oh, think of him who thinks of you,
And from temptation hold!
And if you prize him as a friend,
Towards him in such moments bend.

VI.

And he to thee
A guide will be.

ERIN AND LIBERTY!

YE sons of Erin! far and near,
Who would your country free,
For long, persistent strife prepare —
Insist on liberty.

Watch well thy opportunity
In close fraternal tie;
Nor slack in your devotion be,
Her rights secure, or die!

Think of the seven hundred years
Of sorrow she has borne,
Of England's cruel hate and sneers —
Her tyranny and scorn;

Her crimes so monstrous she will rue

At no far distant day ;

God's written word is ever true —

They fall who disobey !

Then strike, ye braves ! at those who come

With brutal force at thee,

And with submission meek have done ---

Make peace when thou art free !

'T is written in the book of Fate

Beneath the seal of God,

No nation can continue great

Which does not heed His word !

Strike ! as did Tell at Gesler's cap,

Fear not for Right to stand ;

Let those who *will* eat British pap ;

Love you, your native land !

Let nations see you would be free,
Are worthy of the name,
And they will friends become to thee,
And generous friends remain.

The *brave* do never fear to die
In contests for the *true*,
Yet should not unto battle hie
With rashness they may rue ;
But patient wait the time to fling
Themselves against the foe ;
And victory to their standards bring,
With slavery's overthrow.
A chance for Erin is at hand,
Stand by to free thy native land !



TO ERNESTINE,

A BEAUTIFUL CREOLE, OF NEW ORLEANS.

I.

I ASK of thee no other love,
Than you can freely give;
I ask of thee no other love —
This, dearest one, believe;
Yes, yes, 'tis true,
I say to you.

II.

Your own kind heart and needs will tell,
What most you may require,
That love between us is all well,
You, dearest, may desire;

Yes, yes, sweet dream,
My soul's dear theme.

III.

Your heart is what I would protect,
And shield from every ill,
Nor cause it e'en the least neglect,
Nor o'er it cast a chill —
Ah, no, sweet dream,
Bright, happy beam !

IV.

Rest, then, assured I want no more,
Than seemeth well to thee,
Whate'er it be I'll careful store,
The treasure dear to me —
Fair Ernestine,
My sweet, sweet dream.

TO AUGUSTA,

ON RECEIPT OF HER LIKENESS, NOVEMBER, 1861.

I.

THANKS for thy gift, 'tis dear to me,
And though we ne'er have met,
My thoughts they often flow to thee,
Whom I can ne'er forget.

II.

Thy face is full of energy,
Of earnestness and truth,
Of kindness and of purity,
Of courage and of mirth.

III.

May God continue these to thee,
My brave, accomplished friend,
And may he give at length to me,
With my proud soul to blend, —

IV.

A spirit potent as thine own,
And bold to do and dare,
Restoring what from me has flown,
And vanished into air, —

V.

That dream that I should meet with one,
Ere yet Life's Winter came,
Who'd be unto my heart a *Sun*,
Who'd take in love my name.

VI.

Sweet dream ! bright hope ! I cling to thee,
May I not miss thy smiles,
But in thy blessings ever be,
Which Sorrow so beguiles.

VII.

May she who thus shall bless my life,
With patience be endowed,
To bear with me in every strife,
Which Love's bright hopes may cloud.

VIII.

May she remember "to forgive,
And ever to forget,"
Is that for which true hearts should live,
Whatever wrongs may fret.

IX.

My soul is dark for want of her,
Whose love can measure mine,
Who would a life with me prefer,
To me alone incline.

X.

My soul is dark for want of love,
To bless me with its wits,
To strengthen me, as from above,
To bear Life's sturdy hits.

XI.

Canst thou, Augusta, know the grief,
Which eats away that mind,
All lonely in its sad belief,
'Twill not a true love find?

XII.

Ah, if thou canst a grief like this,
Thine own one moment make,
Thou wilt not wonder that amiss,
Oft goes the unloved state.

XIII.

That, Manhood in its pride and hate,
If Cupid stays it not,
Will nothing of its scorn abate,
Through gentle Love forgot!

XIV.

If thou a grief like this can know,
Oh, thou canst know of mine;
That ever eating, silent woe,
I trust may ne'er be thine.

THE TOMB.

How dear to me my mother's tomb,
I love there oft to stray;
For she within its solemn gloom
Made life a sunny day;
'T was she who watched my infant years
And trained my lips to prayer,
'T was she who taught me with her tears
How fond a mother's care.

I love her gentle memory,
'T is soothing to my soul;
Nor could I, if I would, be free
From its endeared control.

Her tomb's a mirror of the past,
Her fondness and her joy,
When to her bosom she would clasp
Her heedless, truant boy.

And on with years, when manly pride
The ease of home had fled,
How came upon her soul the tide
Of grief by absence fed.
My mother's tomb! though time may bring
An end to every charm,
To this dear spot I'll ever cling,
My sense of wrong to calm.

I love it for its influence,
Its hold upon the heart,
Its breathings of affection hence,
Where meanness has no part;

I love it for the thoughts which glow
 Within my pensive mind,
Of loved ones there at rest, laid low,
 In dreamless sleep reclined.

I love it, in that memory
 Delights the more to bring
Beside this tomb's possessory
 Each trifling, treasured thing;
Sweet words, whose cherished beauty
 Of feeling and of truth,
Had fixed the law of duty,
 So firm to wayward youth.

Beside her resting-place, in bloom,
 Her favorite plant exhales
Its lovely odors, but must soon
 Its summer brightness change.

I think how oft it has received
Her gentle touch and care ;
It seems to know its loss, to grieve
Its richest odors there !

But mourn not, gentle, sighing plant,
She lives in spirit still ;
Where noble souls do faithful chant
Sweet nature's sweetest hymn ;
Where, present with the Father,
Fair truth and concord blend ;
And round affection's altar
Regenerate nations bend !

THE SHIP "HARD TIMES."

THE sails were loosed, the wind was fair,
The crew were all on board ;
The ship was in the pilot's care,
Commanding, like a lord ;
Soon sheeted home was the canvas seen,
The anchor is a-weigh ;
Now moves the craft through the briny green
Adown the glorious bay.

When the pilot had the offing made,
He bade a fond adieu ;
Then pulled for his boat, where she hove-to laid,
A graceful thing to view ;

The watch was set, sail crowded on,
The spray flew o'er the bow,
As slowly sank, 'mid clouds, the sun,
Beneath the shore-line low.

At sea ! at sea ! the blue above,
The blue below they hail,
With all a seaman's native love
Of ocean and the gale ;
But look ! not two days out — a storm !
All hands are at their post ;
A cry — man overboard ! forlorn
The hope to save — he's lost !

From the yard fell he, a daring tar,
Who nothing knew of fear,
Out upon the deep afar
With none to shed a tear ;

The winds through the rigging madly sweep,
The waves dash o'er the deck !
While careful watch the sailors keep,
To save " Hard Times " from wreck.

Away now goes the top-gallant mast,
To ribbons the close-reefed main,
Around the captain's eyes are cast
On what doth yet remain ;
" Steady your helm ! so — that is well,"
He said — just then a sea
Aboard with awful crashing fell,
And fore and aft went free !

And oh ! to death it swept a boy
Who was before the mast —
A widowed mother's fondest joy
And hope — forever past !

The storm abates — again the sun
Lays sparkling in the foam ;
New spars are set, and all is done,
To skilful seamen known.

Spanking she goes along her course,
Full twelve knots in the hour ;
A cloud of sail, a mighty force
Of human art and power ;
The captain walks the quarter deck
Observant of the scene,
All thoughtful of how near a wreck
"Hard Times" had lately been.

A few days on and there appeared
A water-spout approaching ;
Loudly roaring as it neared,
From sea and sky debouching !

"Shot the gun!" the captain cried;

"Ay, ay, sir!" cried the mate;

"Surely the witch could not have lied,
Who cast my fate of late."

"Ready are you, sir, to fire?"

The captain promptly said;

"That we may yonder spout retire,
Now ranging near ahead."

"Ay, ay, sir — ready!" spoke the mate,
Calm as a summer morn;

"Then — fire! ere it be too late!"
The captain made return.

Now boomed the gun, the spout dispersed
And vanished from the sight;
The faces which in gloom were hearsed,
Again were clear and bright!

"Hard Times" and all on board were saved
From that impending blow ;
Many of whom had danger braved
From boyhood's early glow.

On flew the ship toward the port
For which she had been cleared,
While in her track the dolphins sport,
The porpoise oft is speared ;
Storm after storm had hove her to
By lightning frequent struck !
Yet, with a " handy, bully crew "
She weathered her ill luck.

So may they deal with toil and trouble,
Through all depressing times,
Proceeding from some bursted bubble,
Blown up by rogues and crimes,

If they are dauntless as the crew
Who brought "Hard Times" to port,
Through startling dangers not a few,
Yet, lightly met — as sport!

The brave whose courage never quails,
Ride out life's howling storms,
Which over lesser nerve prevails,
While the fond heart bitter mourns :
This ship by *timid weaklings* manned,
Would have been lost at sea,
Or driven on some treacherous strand,
From which no life is free!

GEORGE ELIOT'S GRAVE.

THEY laid her away on a rainy day,
A brick-made vault her gloomy grave,
Where water found its way around,
And to the scene fresh sadness gave !
The muddy hill caused all a chill —
No note of music there was heard ;
But Highgate's air touched with despair
The motley, tearful, gathering herd.

The “ lights of science,” and of sense,
Which, undistinguished, lives and dies,
Were mourners true for one they knew
Was worthy genius' highest prize !

Beside her Lewes, she at ease
Rests from her pen and all its pains ;
And if she lived as she believed
Who ill should speak of her remains.

Not he nor she whose acts may be,
Than hers, more heedless of the Law,
Not he nor she whom Sin's decree
In all that's true has left so poor ;
Who, on another must forever
Rest their hopes of gaining heaven —
A Saviour's love, who, from above,
For Man's salvation has been given.

INDEPENDENT COMPANY OF CADETS.

I.

TRAMP, tramp, ye men-at-arms,
The Governor's defenders,
Your step so firm defies alarms, —
A terror to offenders!
When I was young you were not then
As soldierly in bearing, —
There were as good and able men,
But for strict drill not caring!

II.

They shouldered arms and marched along,
With less regard to order;
Thought more of a good rousing song,
Good brandy dashed with water,

Than of straight ranks well filled, as now,
With drill quite near perfection,
While each man bears upon his brow
The mark of close reflection :

III.

We see none staggering, as of yore,
With punches hard to carry, —
Those days of “genial drunks” are o’er, —
A blessing, this — ay, marry !
The I. C. C.’s, when ordered out,
In times which I remember,
With only twenty guns about,
Would not e’en then surrender !

IV.

They filled their “skins” with “bimbo” fine,
Kept up good hearts, — imbibing, —
And fell one-sided into line,
Just in the trim for fighting !

The Winter's cold disturbed them not,
Nor Summer's heat so striking;
They "put it through," and then forgot
All not quite to their liking:

V.

Where are the gay boys whom I knew,
To this "crack corps" belonging,
When cares were light and sorrows few,
And things went smooth and loving:
When Winchester, upon his steed,
Caparisoned so taking,
"Judicious minds" did pause to bleed,
Because of his awaking?

VI.

The smile went round to see a horse
And officer imposing,
Through vanity set on a course
Such ridicule disclosing:

The guns were very few indeed,
Which Winchester paraded,
And he and his high-mettled steed,
Seemed all-in-all unaided.

VII.

So goes the world, 'mong high and low,
Enough there are to laugh at,
But ne'er a colonel got a blow
So nicely in the eye — pat!
Of all “the boys” I used to know
As I. C. C.'s then training,
I count but very few that now
Are in this world remaining.

VIII.

The cold, cold grave has o'er them closed;
Their labors here have ended;
Perhaps enjoying that repose
Where Truth and Love are blended:

But whereso'er their souls may be,
In Heaven, or, elsewhere,
Their memories are fresh with me,
As fellows worth my care :

IX.

Their drill was not so perfect, true,
As drill the corps to-day,
For while they loved to duty do,
They also loved to play.
Tramp, tramp, ye men-at-arms,
The Governor's defenders,
Your step so firm defies alarms,
A terror to offenders !

X.

Your dress is neat, your air is well,
The soldier is impressive,
And will it, will it do to tell —
Your pride — it is excessive !

But that is only your concern,
With which none else should meddle,
All human follies have their turn,
In service of the devil.

XI.

If you are brave, nor fear to die,
As Sydney fell, so loving,
And could your fevered lips deny
The cooling drink, approving,
That he whose thirst is greater far,
Of its refreshment taking,
Might feel upon this earth there are
Some souls well worth the making!

XII.

If ye are this, your pride is well,
And e'er to be defended,
Till death shall peal its solemn knell,
And joys and ills are ended!

Tramp, tramp, ye men-at-arms,
The Governor's defenders, —
Your step so firm defies alarms, —
A terror to offenders !

ROCK OF AGES.

•
Rock of Ages! who shall dare
 To move thee from thy mystic bed?
Or blemish by a want of care
 One beauty clustering round thy head?
To thee we cling in storm and calm,
 To save us from the death of sin;
Near thee we have no fear of harm —
 Through thee our cause is sure to win!

Rock of Ages! firmly set;
 Against which evil beats in vain!
Not lost an atom of thee, yet —
 Thy fair proportions still the same!

The infidel doth smite thee hard ;
Malicious his audacious blows ;
Yet, have they not thy grandeur marred —
Still shines thy crest 'bove Asia's snows !

Oh, that I were as firm as thou !
Unshaken by the powers of earth ;
Whom hurricanes shall never bow,
Majestic in thy simple truth !
When stricken by the force of sin,
Which comes to others, as to me ;
Rock of Ages ! take us in,
That we may hide ourselves in Thee !

TO MISS FANNY K****R.

A LADY EASILY OFFENDED.

I.

BRIGHTLY beam upon thy path,
Through Life's too darksome vale,
The light of Love, of Hope, and Truth,
O'er Sorrows to prevail;
Then laugh, O, laugh, and ever be,
This world a home of bliss to thee.

II.

Brightly beam thine eyes as now,
And sweet fore'er thy smile,
Nor may a cloud e'er shade thy brow,
But pleasures pure beguile;
Then laugh, O, laugh, and ever be,
This world a home of bliss to thee.





III.

Brightly may thy thoughts e'er shine,
On those whom thou mayst prize,
And may a happy faith divine,
E'er sparkle in thine eyes ;
Then laugh, O, laugh, and ever be,
This world a home of bliss to thee.

IV.

Brightly may the flowers bloom,
Which in thy pathway rise,
Nor cease their odors till the tomb,
Shall veil thee to mine eyes ;
Then laugh, O, laugh, and ever be,
This world a home of bliss to thee.

TO CARRIE.

HER TWELFTH BIRTHDAY.

I.

A HAPPY birthday to my dear young friend,
A future full of joy,
A patient mind which Heaven defend,
Sweet hopes without alloy;
A gentle trust that *Truth* will guide,
Thee prosperous o'er Life's inky tide.

II.

A happy birthday to my dear young friend,
A love that never dies,

A faith in God that hath no end,
A spirit brave and wise —
And though thy friendships pain thy heart,
Act well through Life an honest part.

III.

A happy birthday to my dear young friend,
Aim to be kindly given,
And with all sorrow learn to blend,
A holy faith in Heaven!
Then wilt thou ever have within,
Support against the curse of Sin.

IV.

The flowers that in thy pathway bloom,
They blossom but to die,
So through the years of Life a gloom,
May shade the brightest sky;
Yet if thy hopes are not all here,
You may be happy, Carrie dear.

V.

Though *Meanness* and *Deceit* lay wait,
To force thee unto tears,
And Envy and Detraction, Hate,
Throughout Life's path appears,
Remember Him who bore all this,
And bravely bear thy cross as His.

VI.

Though all prove false whom you may trust,
Unto thyself be true,
And each succeeding birthday must,
Bring happiness to you —
It is my prayer that years may see,
No faded flower, my dear, in thee.

THE GRIEF-STRICKEN.

THERE is a face and form I see,
With light-brown hair and deep-blue eyes,
Which seems in holy grief to me,
Mourning, perhaps, some vanished prize ;
Her bearing speaks a culture true,
Her bosom lovely nature swells ;
A charming and impressive view,
Attractive as are flowery dells.
I wonder what has touched that face
So deeply with grief's quiet grace ;
'Tis clear she feels, what all must feel,
The pains which come of passion's play ;
Much more intense the more the zeal
To make of life a sunny day !

The brightest hopes, the fairest loves,
Of earth are earthy, and expire ;
And every human being moves
To gain the prize they most desire ;
Bright eyes, soft hair, and lips most dear
Are ne'er exempt from sorrow's tear.

There is a face and form I see
Which, when I pass, doth make me sad ;
Her large, soul-whispering eyes to me
Say, softly, they in weeds are clad ;
And tell me, too, 't is not a grief
That passes as a mist away,
But is a fixed and dark belief,
No more can things look bright and gay ;
Nor, will again the wish to live
Be what it was, of heart to give.
Ah, if thine early, summer years
Are frosted with the biting cold,

Let not the sadness of thy tears

Before the time make thee look old!

But keep that face and form I see,

Its light-brown hair and deep-blue eyes,

The picture it should ever be

For love's best, purest souls to prize.

Subdue thy grief, cheer up thy brow,

Where shadows rest so darkly now.

TO CORA,

ON HER WEDDING-DAY, DECEMBER 4, 1873.

I.

BEAUTIFUL dreams of thy future life
Are coming now to thee —
The beautiful dreams of a loving wife,
The light of her home to be!
Beautiful dreams, beautiful dreams,
Flowers which grow by pearly streams.

II.

Nothing but love can give these dreams
Reality through Time;
Nothing but Love's unclouded beams
Can make contentment thine!
Beautiful dreams, &c.

III.

That Love may shed its golden rays
Forever on thy life,
And bless with genial thoughts thy days,
I pray for thee, as wife!
Beautiful dreams, &c.

IV.

The sweetest pleasures lie within
Two hearts that beat as one ;
Resisting all the arts of sin,
Whilst duty well is done !
Beautiful dreams, &c.

V.

I give thee, Cora, at this hour,
In Friendship's loving name,
A box of music, which has power
To fan Love's starry flame !
Beautiful dreams, &c.

VI.

Accept it as the gift of one
Who's known thee from thy birth,
When first thy breathing was begun,
To run thy course on earth
Beautiful dreams, &c.

VII.

As thou hast been true to thyself,
So mayst thou ever be,

Remembering that the soul's best health
Is living Love in thee!
Beautiful dreams, &c.

VIII.

Immortal is the soul, we think,
Who feel its godlike powers,
And of its passions deeply drink,
For they alone are ours!
Beautiful dreams, &c.

IX.

They harden us against ourselves,
Against the plan of Heaven,
If Love's true, faithful, sprightly elves
Do not their coarseness leaven!
Beautiful dreams, &c.

X.

Then, Cora, let thy love attain,
That excellence of power,
Which shields thee from the false and vain,
To social worth — a tower!
Beautiful dreams, &c.

THE MINSTREL'S POWER.

I.

LIST to the strains so soft and low,
Which float upon the air,
Behold that clear and pensive brow,
That face so sweetly fair,
By music charmed to now forget,
The sorrows which are burning yet.

II.

Approaching, see the Minstrel there —
Now bends he o'er the maid ;
Then glides his fingers through her hair,
To whom she passed a braid ;
His strains — they charm her to forget
He was a stranger to her yet.

III.

He took her hand, his lips he pressed
To hers in speechless glow,

As whispered she, "O sweet caress,
That Music's own can know ;
Ah, Minstrel sing ! my sorrows fly,
When notes so sweet as thine float by."

IV.

"Yes, Lady, I will sing to thee,
For thou art Music's own,
I feel, I feel thou art to me,
The Queen of Beauty's throne !
Yes, yes, I'll sing thy griefs away,
Sweet Music shall thy voice obey."

V.

"Ah, Heavenly power !" replied the maid,
"Who feels thee not to be,
The purest, best, the sweetest aid,
Which lifts us, God, to thee !
Sing, sing, O Minstrel ! that my heart,
May live divinely in thine art."

THE LOST AT SEA.

I.

THE ship rolls on her pathway,
Before the gale she drives,
The Captain, drenched with ocean spray,
To cheer a maiden strives!
Where stand they longing, sighing,
And listening to the wind,
Through the rattling rigging flying,
Like some distracted mind.

II.

The Petrels crying mournfully,
And the fury of the storm,
The awful gloom and fearful sea,
Made hope a hope forlorn.

“Come, dear, my arms shall fold thee,
Whom I have loved so long,”
Then spoke the Captain, softly,
“Thou sweeter far than song.”

III.

A star shines through the darkness,
But quickly disappears,
To pallor changed the brightness,
Of cheeks now damp with tears.
“O God!” they cried, “we’re sinking;
Together we will go!”
When the waves came wildly leaping,
And closed upon their woe.

WHERE IS MY LITTLE DOG?

I.

WHERE is my little dog — O, where?

With his dark and loving eyes,
His white, and black, and curly hair,
I ever dearly prize!

Roving about he loves to go,

Yet when he home may hie,
From those dark speaking eyes will flow,
A love that cannot die!

Ah — now, his tail's a wagging, wagging,

As in my lap he lays,
His pretty eyes are laughing, laughing,
As lovingly he lays.

II.

Dear doggy with thy hair so fine,
So clean and silky, too,
How happy am I thou art mine,
Because, I know thee — true !
Roving around you like to go,
But better like to be,
Dear darling pet as you are now,
Upon thy mistress' knee ;
Ah, yes ! with your tail a wagging, wagging,
As in my lap you lay,
Your loving eyes a laughing, laughing,
As lovingly you lay.

THE POET'S DREAM.

I.

HE sleeps, he dreams; his pallid face,
His manly form, its matchless grace,
The moonbeams kiss as drops the dew,
And fades the evening star from view.

II.

He dreams of Love, of Fame, and Power,
Of happy days yet, yet to come;
He little thinks upon the hour,
When clouds shall darken o'er his sun.

III.

He restless turns, he beats his breast,
He sighs, he weeps; his troubled soul,
In sleep nor waking knows no peace;
His sorrows are beyond control.

IV.

And now he starts, and to his feet
He wildly leaps, with eyes in tears :
“I saw her,” cried he ; “she did greet,
With words of love, my listening ears.”

V.

“And then she led me, through a bed
Of flowers sweet, to Arno's banks,
And as she clasped my aching head,
She whispered for my love her thanks.”

VI.

“I took her hand, her breast to mine
Then fondly pressed in Love's dear hope,
When she to dally seemed inclined,
And words of tenderest accents spoke.”

VII.

“But with these words a dirk she drew,
And plunged it to her heart,

Saying, 'Dearest, thus I die for you;
'Tis best we should forever part.'

VIII.

'Ah, let me die, my lips to thine;
So, so — press closer — sweet, oh, sweet!'
Then easy died she — no more mine,
Each day in happy hope to meet."

IX.

"Awaking, trembling like a leaf,
I saw it was a hateful dream;
Yet, on my mind still rests its grief,
Still shades it from Love's brighter beam."

X.

"So does the Poet's teeming brain
Work ever sadness to his soul,
Which oft he doth attempt in vain
To subject to his self-control."

TO A LOVELY LADY,

ON TAKING LEAVE OF HER.

I.

THE day draws nigh to part us, dear;
Thy face, so sweet to me,
No longer will my spirit cheer,
So bound in love to thee!
I therefore sigh;
Ah, ask not why.

II.

But yet I shall not cease to dream,
My beautiful of you,
Among the sweetest I have seen,
For whose pure love I'd sue!
For it I sigh;
Ah, you know why.

III.

I know thou art not what "the world,"
 "A brilliant woman" calls,
Whose wit oft makes her sharp and bold,
 Through which she sometimes falls!
 But yet I sigh,
 And you know why.

IV.

I sigh that one so fair and pure,
 Though not a wit supreme,
I shall behold for days no more,
 But only as I dream!
 Ah yes, I sigh,
 With tearful eye.

V.

I ask of Heaven to shield thy life,
 From Error's darksome way,

To temper to thy strength the strife,
And bless to thee each day!
To thee I sigh,
For thee would die.

VI.

It is a sweet and holy thought,
With woman pure to dwell;
It is a sweet and holy thought,
With her to pass life *well*!
For thee I sigh,
With thee would die.

VII.

I sigh to think some other love,
May please you more than mine;
I sigh to think it may not prove,
As true a love as thine!
For this I sigh,
And you know why.

VIII.

Ah, Hattie, in this world of ours,
'Tis difficult to tell,
E'en with the brightest, keenest powers,
When we are married well!
And so I sigh;
Ah, you know why.

IX.

Oh, Hattie darling, if I thought,
'Twere possible for me,
To bring thee through my life to naught,
I'd ne'er thy lover be!
I'd sigh, I'd sigh,
And sighing die.

X.

I would forget thy face and form,
And all of thee so pure,

And from thy being I would turn,
To be with thee no more!
And so would sigh,
Until I die.

XI.

My nature needs a soul like thine,
To watch its movements free,
And tend with gentle care the vine,
That lifts itself to thee!
For it I sigh;
Ah, ask not why.

XII.

Say, wilt thou, darling, when I'm gone,
Am no more in thine eye,
Remember this my plaintive tone,
"Ah, love me, or I die."
Yes, yes, I sigh,
For thee I'd die.

XIII.

I sigh that I must leave these scenes,
Where first I learned to prize,
Those radiant, cheerful, hopeful beams,
From thine all glorious eyes !
Sweet one, I sigh,
For thee would die.

XIV.

I long to press you to my breast,
To know I am thine own ;
I long to have you find your rest,
In me, in me alone !
And so I sigh,
With thee would die.

XV.

I long to see from out thy form,
A being born to me,

Which shall to both our souls conform,
A lasting joy to thee!

I sigh, I sigh,
With thee would die.

XVI.

I sigh to think we are to part,
That I am not to see,
Each day some beauty of thy heart,
To bless and comfort me!

Good bye, good bye,
I sigh, I sigh.

XVII.

Yes, dearest, I do sigh for thee,
Of whom I think so oft,
And ever by thy breast would be,
So pure, so sweet, so soft!

For it I sigh,
For it would die.

XVIII.

I know thy love cannot remove,
From out the way of Life,
Those trials which so often prove,
To loving hearts a strife!
I sigh, I sigh;
Do you ask why?

XIX.

Because I'd have thee love me well,
And be to me a stay,
As time my being e'er propels,
Along Life's tedious way!
For thee I sigh;
Ah, you know why.

XX.

"The sweetest bird builds near the ground,
The loveliest flower blooms low;"

So in Life's shaded walks are found,
The purest bliss we know!
For thee I sigh,
For thee I'd die.

XXI.

The shaded walks of Life I scorned,
In youth's unhallowed pride,
From women not of wealth I turned,
Nor wanted for a bride!
I sigh, I sigh;
Ah, you know why.

XXII.

Ah, Love is not a plant which flowers,
As we may daily will;
Oft Genius with its godlike powers,
It keeps in waiting still!
For thee I sigh,
To say good bye.

XXIII.

It blossoms *here*, is blighted *there*;
It saddens and it cheers,
Oft disappoints the fondest care,
Regardless of its tears!
And so I sigh;
Yes, dear, I sigh.

XXIV.

If it should chance to be our lot,
To live in Love's embrace,
May peace forever bless the spot,
Which thy perfections grace!
No more I'd sigh,
With thee so nigh.

XXV.

Too soon we part, and oh, I sigh,
To think it must be so;

That I must from thy presence hie,
Must from thy beauty go!
And so I sigh,
Farewell, good bye.

XXVI.

Ah, yes, farewell,
My Hattie dear;
Remember me,
Accept this tear!

NEW ORLEANS, June, 1849.

THE CURSE OF SIN.

I.

WHEN Passion wakes within the breast,
The hate of baffled love,
Oh, bid the wicked influence rest,
And look for bliss above!
For, oh, it is the curse of Sin,
Hate's wily path to tarry in.

II.

When Night shuts out the light of Day,
And Beauty's eye is closed,
Look forward to the coming ray,
The morrow may disclose!
For, oh, it is the curse of Sin,
Hate's wily path to tarry in.

III.

When Labor shall disgust invite,
And even Art displease,
And envy of another's right,
Deprive thy mind of ease;
Then pause, for 'tis the curse of Sin,
Hate's wily path to tarry in.

IV.

When men and things seem foul and base,
And God unworthy trust;
When pleasures sweet have lost their taste,
And all seems naught but dust;
Then pause, for 'tis the curse of Sin,
Hate's wily path to tarry in.

V.

Let lovely *Art* thy guidance be,
Obey its heavenly power;

Then Hate the soul will ever flee,

And Love bless every hour.

For, oh, it is the curse of Sin,

Hate's wily path to travel in.

NEW ORLEANS, 1849.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

I.

WHEN the heart is sad,
And the mind is mad,
O'er thoughts of war and crime;
When the dirge of death,
And the fleeting breath,
Goes out with the soul and time,
We think of thee, thou wily man,
Thou Fox of Foxes in the van!

II.

When the heart is sad,
And the mind is mad,

O'er thoughts of what has been;
 When the land we prize,
 Doth offend our eyes,
 With deep and damning sin!
 We think of those who forced the war,
 The meanest men we ever saw!

III.

When the heart is sad,
 And the mind is mad,
 O'er debts we'll sweat to pay;
 When the hope is fled,
 That the South, misled,
 Will to the olden way,
 We think of thee, thou wily man,
 Thou Fox of Foxes in the van!

IV.

When the heart is sad,
 And the mind is mad,

O'er love and friendship lost;
When the truth so dark,
With its solemn spark,
Reveals the fearful cost,
We think of those who forced the war,
The meanest men we ever saw!

V.

When the heart is sad,
And the mind is mad,
O'er Sumpter's fatal gun;
When our soul in tears,
Is low bent with fears,
That ne'er may we be one,
We think of thee, thou wily man,
Thou Fox of Foxes in the van!

VI.

When the heart is sad,
And the mind is mad,

O'er those who drew that fire;
 When we surely know,
 It was purposed so,
 By men of base desire,
 We think of thee, thou bold, bad man,
 Thou Fox of Foxes in the van!

VII.

When the heart is sad,
 And the mind is mad,
 O'er virtue fallen low;
 When the future teems,
 With most fearful dreams,
 Of Heaven's avenging blow!
 We think of those who forced the war,
 The meanest men we ever saw!

VIII.

When the heart is sad,
 And the mind is mad,
 O'er Poverty in rags;

When the spirit swells,
 And its sorrows tells,
 O'er crime that proudly wags,
 We think of those who forced the war,
 The meanest men we ever saw!

IX.

When the heart is sad,
 And the mind is mad,
 O'er Shoddy and his cheats;
 When the gold we buy,
 Is so very high,
 And all the nation eats,
 We think of those who forced the war,
 The meanest men we ever saw!
 Tyrants, tyrants! mark it, men,
 Vote no more for tyrants then!

X.

When the heart is sad,
 And the mind is mad,

O'er power basely held;
When the burning thought,
From reflection caught,
The blush of shame compels,
We think of those who forced the war,
The meanest men we ever saw!
Tyrants, tyrants! mark it, men,
Vote no more for tyrants then!

XI.

When the heart is sad,
And the mind is mad,
O'er jewels thrown away;
When the ear of truth,
Is with sounds uncouth,
Beset in every way,
We think of those who forced the war,
The meanest men we ever saw!
Tyrants, tyrants! mark it, men,
Vote no more for tyrants then!

XII.

When the heart is sad,
And the mind is mad,
O'er man's inhuman wrongs;
When sweet Justice pales,
As go by the gales,
Of Passion's reckless songs,
We think of those who forced the war,
The meanest men we ever saw!
Tyrants, tyrants! mark it, men,
Vote no more for tyrants then!

XIII.

When the heart is sad,
And the mind is mad,
O'er jokes by power cracked,
Oh, we sigh to think,
That we are linked,
To a nation meanly backed,

And turn to thee, thou right hand man,
Thou Fox of Foxes in the van!

Tyrants, tyrants! mark it, men,
Vote no more for tyrants then!

XIV.

When the heart is sad,
And the mind is mad,
O'er brave men smitten down,
And their worth so pure,
We shall know no more,
In city or in town,
We think of those who forced the war,
The meanest men we ever saw!
Tyrants, tyrants! mark it, men,
Vote no more for tyrants then!

XV.

Hark, hark! the bugle sounds,
The men in arms appear,

Whose votes, votes are surely bound,
 From place to tyrants clear;
 Democracy will yet obtain,
 The spur once more, the whip, the rein;
 Then stand, oh, stand by firm to take,
 From tyrants' grasp the nation's fate.

XVI.

When the heart is sad,
 And the mind is mad,
 O'er Nature outraged so,
 There are tears that spring,
 As some frightened thing,
 From sorrows thence which flow.
 Then turn we to those men of death,
 Who forced the war with every breath;
 Tyrants, tyrants! mark it, men,
 Vote no more for tyrants then!
 Vote, vote for those who love,
 Their country's welfare — God above!

Then, then shall peace once more
Her blessings shed on rich and poor.
Tyrants, tyrants, fare thee well!
What sound is *that*? Thy funeral knell!

TO OUR BABE,
FROM
HER MOTHER.

Written for and at the request of Mrs. Eugene B****r.

I.

SWEET dream of my soul!
Since to Love it was given,
Thy smiles are a world,
With thee for its Heaven!
Thou camest to me,
A blessing to be.

II.

I gaze in thine eyes,
So bright and so pure,



And, darling, I prize
Thy life more and more!
For thou camest to me,
A blessing to be.

III.

Thy future I'll strive,
To make happy, loved one;
In thee shall survive,
What for thee shall be done —
Those sweet lessons of Truth,
I'll impart to thy youth.

IV.

When I press thy soft cheek,
And then look on thy brow,
Our babe seems to speak,
To Mamma e'en now!
And I feel that to me,
A true blessing she'll be.

V.

Unto Him, the great source,
Of all *Love* and all *Life*,
Oft I turn to rejoice
As a mother and wife!
And to thank Him who gave
Me this dear, darling babe!

VI.

Sweet dream of my soul!
Sweet bud of my heart!
Thy smiles are a world,
With which I'd ne'er part!
For thou camest to me,
As light to the sea,

VII.

To bless our home with thy prattle and care,
Thou dear, darling babe, so cunning and fair!

March 17, 1873.

TO HATTIE H*****N,

ON RECEIVING FROM HER SOME MAY-FLOWERS.

I.

SWEET flowers for me, the flowers of May!
Their perfume fills the air;
They make this day a happier day,
These flowers so sweet and fair:
Be pure as they are pure, my friend,
Though dashed thy hopes, obscure thy end.

II.

Ambition is of worth in all,
But happiness may be,
With those not destined to be called
To marked celebrity:
These flowers of May are no less sweet
Because they bloom beneath thy feet.

III.

O, I commend those souls which see
The emptiness of praise ;
And I would, Hattie, say to thee,
Be guarded of these ways —
They lead ofttimes to bitter woes,
Whence hatred and disaster flows.

IV.

E'en as these flowers seek to be
Sweet, what e'er thy place ;
And God may give that peace to thee
Which most his creatures grace :
Believe in other hopes than those
Which make few friends, but many foes.

ODD FOLKS.

(WRITTEN AT ROUNDHILL WATER CURE.)

DEDICATION.

TO MY MUCH-ESTEEMED FRIEND

MRS. SYLVIA LOMBARD,

I Dedicate this Verse,

AS A TOKEN OF MY APPRECIATION
OF HER WORTH.

ODD FOLKS.



I.

SINCE from the mind of Him who reigns,
Supreme in mighty space,
Came this fair earth and man so vain,
There's always been a race,
For Power to bear the sway,
In every earthly way.

II.

Rule, rule has been the constant thought,
Of nearly all our kind,

Rule, rule, it has too often brought,
To grief the ablest mind!
But yet all seek to be,
A power in some degree.

III.

We see it in the babe unweaned,
The wish to have its way;
We see it still at sweet sixteen,
And to our latest day!
We love to handle power,
We live for it each hour.

IV.

Ambition is a glorious trait,
Of character in all,
But there are some who would be great,
By nature very small!
They work away to rise,
To top the clear blue skies.

V.

Whom Nature has not blessed with Love,
Unlovely will be e'er;
No costly silks, no pretty glove,
Can make the heartless fair!
So through the power they wield,
Life is a blighted field.

VI.

Ah, broken heads and broken hearts,
Meet us at every turn,
Since thickly fly the poisoned darts,
By fearful passion borne!
They hit us and destroy;
If not, they much annoy.

VII.

Hence each one feels, who feels at all,
'Tis well to work for strength;

So be they short, or be they tall,
They come to power at length!
It may be little; still,
Behind it is a will.

VIII.

The will to wound some one who may,
Resistance think unwise,
And thus the petty despot play,
All glorious in their eyes!
All this, my friends, is so,
As some of you must know.

IX.

Now is it strange, when such is life,
That *oddities* there are,
Who, wearied of the ceaseless strife,
And of the ceaseless wear,
Avoid all they can,
Too much discourse with Man.

X.

We call them odd, and laugh to see,
Their queer oft silly ways,
And think it would a God-send be,
If soon would end their days!
Such odd and foolish things,
Creatures without wings.

XI.

But these who give us so much pain,
Because they don't appear,
To think with us about the rain,
Or harvest of the year!
Are not so mean as they,
Who'd meddle with their way.

XII.

The meddlesome dislike the odd,
Because the odd disdain,

Infringement of some Law of God,
And oddities remain !
They can't be hauled about,
And counted in or out.

XIII.

They have their way, it suits them best ;
They think their way is right ;
And so with never ending zest,
They're odd by day and night !
Laughed at by those who find,
"In them so little mind."

XIV.

But he laughs best who longest laughs,
And wins the largest stakes ;
He quaffs best who soonest quaffs,
Sleeps best who brightly wakes !
'Tis not the odd alone,
To goodly life unknown.

XV.

I own I'm odd — I know it, friends;
 Still, still my heart is right;
 I would to all and any lend,
 In Trouble's starless night!
 But yet I like my way;
 I like to have my say.

XVI.

Now oft my way and oft my say,
 Are not as others are;
 But am I aught the worse, I pray,
 Because I cause a jar!
 We cannot ever be
 Fated to agree.

XVII.

I know it is the Christian law,
 To be at peace with all,

But that must be a spirit poor,
Which never odd we call!
We cannot at all times,
Be musical as rhymes.

XVIII.

Peace is indeed a charming friend,
'Tis ever to be wooed;
It should be Life's unceasing end,
With earnest thought pursued!
Think you the odd don't find,
Their share of peace of mind?

XIX.

Ah, friends, the oddest in this world!
Are sometime very shrewd,
And need not ever to be told,
By any sage or prude,
How they should deal with life;
They're keener than a knife.

XX.

Not all of course, but many are
As sharp as sharp can be,
And they will scent, oh, very far,
Mere hollow courtesy!
They think of every thing,
Of all upon the wing.

XXI.

Now there are those who never think,
Beyond their pretty nose,
And so abhorring pen and ink,
They pen and ink oppose!
And when they see a book,
Some other way they look.

XXII.

“What oddities!” are they who read,
What hopeful fools who write;

Why don't they sow a better seed,
And do as we do — right!
Such odd things never were;
The crowd would snails prefer.

XXIII.

“Stir up!” the blockhead says to those
He cannot understand;
“Stir up, and stand upon your toes;
Stir up, and take command!”
You're odd, your devilish odd;
A pea without a pod.

XXIV.

Yes, yes, they're odd, it's very true;
They think 'tis best by far,
No stirring life to e'er pursue,
Nor be a fallen star!
Yes, yes, they're odd, 'tis plain,
But oddity's their gain.

XXV.

If they should do as others say,
And their own judgment slight,
Perchance upon this other's way,
They'd be in sorry plight!
'Tis better to be odd,
Than led by others' nod.

XXVI.

We often hear the ladies say,
That fellow he won't dance,
Nor will he sing, nor will he play,
Nor will he laugh nor prance!
He is a stick so odd,
They fear he's cursed of God.

XXVII.

They laugh at him, they sneer at him;
They cannot make him pay;

And so from such an oddity,
They turn in scorn away !
But he's all right perhaps,
He would avoid mishaps.

XXVIII.

'Tis better that he should be so,
Than join in sports with them,
The ways of which he does not know,
Nor when to say, Amen !
He's odd from love of ease,
Would not himself displease.

XXIX.

Now I am far from teaching this,
As right in every one ;
I know in some it is amiss,
To trivial objects shun ;
For they have skill to shine,
Just in that very line.

XXX.

But where the mind is hard to bend,
To sports the young delight,
The young to these should e'er extend,
The generous rule of Right!
Nor ridicule nor jeer,
For this does mean appear.

XXXI.

What matters it if he is queer,
Don't know how to be gay?
He yet may ably through life steer,
And live when we decay!
He's odd, 'tis true, but still,
He has consistent will.

XXXII.

There's many a one who never danced,
Nor parlor sports essayed,

There's many a one who never glanced,
Love's nothings at a maid!
Yet life is much to them,
For they indeed are men.

XXXIII.

We should not kick and cuff them round,
Because they silent are,
And ever seem to be profound,
Instead of lighter air!
No, no, the gentle mind,
Will never be unkind.

XXXIV.

Let each one think to mind his own,
And not another's ways,
Then discord will for aye have flown,
And man be worthier praise!
Well, yes, he's odd, 'tis true,
But what is that to you?

XXXV.

And so is she; she's very queer,
She's difficult to know,
She's rarely seen to shed a tear,
And yet she looks like woe!
She seldom e'er confides,
And pities much all brides.

XXXVI.

Life seems to her a darksome pit,
And human nature dire;
At wedlock's name goes in a fit,
Or feels her pulse on fire!
She's odd, that is the fact,
In word and every act.

XXXVII.

But who shall dare to say she's false,
To what she's seen in life?

Oh, who shall dare to say she's false,
To what she's known of strife!
An oddity is she;
She's never much in glee.

XXXVIII.

Well now, my friends, I am the last,
To say she is not wise,
For had I through her sorrows passed,
Had seen things with her eyes,
Perhaps as she would I,
On none but self rely.

XXXIX.

I am no cynic, but I prize,
The odd as well as even,
And 'twould not me at all surprise,
To meet them both in heaven!
For God has given to all,
The right on Him to call.

XL.

We rise or fall as *He* may name,
Our wit is nothing sure;
By turns we're praised, and then are blamed;
There's nothing in it more!
If odd we may become,
E'en spotted is the sun.

XLI.

When from long pressure of the North,
The Southerners rebelled,
The daring act at once called forth,
What long in check was held!
The Southerners were odd,
And so on them we trod.

XLII.

Well now, my friends, I do not think,
'Tis always well to fight,

Nor can I, will I, should I think,
Secessionists quite right!
Though much I like their pluck,
And think too hard their luck.

XLIII.

If they are odd, still odder yet,
Are those who drew their fire,
And now, ah, now would even fret,
By policy most dire!
I think a valiant foe,
Should ne'er such usage know.

XLIV.

I think we're very odd indeed,
We victors of the North,
To sow such rotten, worthless seed,
Expectant of the truth!
For Truth will never grow,
From seed so mean, you know.

XLV.

If we would build again anew,
The virtues of our laws,
There should within the South be few,
Not friendly to the cause!
How shall we get their love?
I'll tell you — as the dove!

XLVI.

We must be gentle — somewhat odd,
I own this is, my friends;
But let us dare do right, then God
Will bless our worthy ends!
Without His blessing, naught
Can ever stand when wrought.

XLVII.

I prize the South, I mourn her fall,
The ashes of her dead,

Yet for the lasting good of all,
It may be she has bled !
'Tis odd, perhaps, to say,
Good comes in such a way.

XLVIII.

When from her sorrows she shall rise,
A thing of life again,
Her glory may o'ertop the skies,
Ever to remain !
Her oddities will give,
To her the power to live.

XLIX.

To live and bind upon her brow,
The diadem of might,
And through her fall and sufferings now,
To guard 'gainst future blight !
If this shall be for her,
I would her griefs prefer.

L.

Perhaps some say that this is odd;
I care not if they do,
I fear no censure but from God,
And hope as much for you!
To say what one may think,
Is oft Disaster's brink.

LI.

I met some years ago a man,
Upon Nevada's range;
He took me gently by the hand,
And begged of me some change!
I thought it odd, I did,
And would of him be rid.

LII.

I gave him from my purse some gold,
For then I'd gold to give;

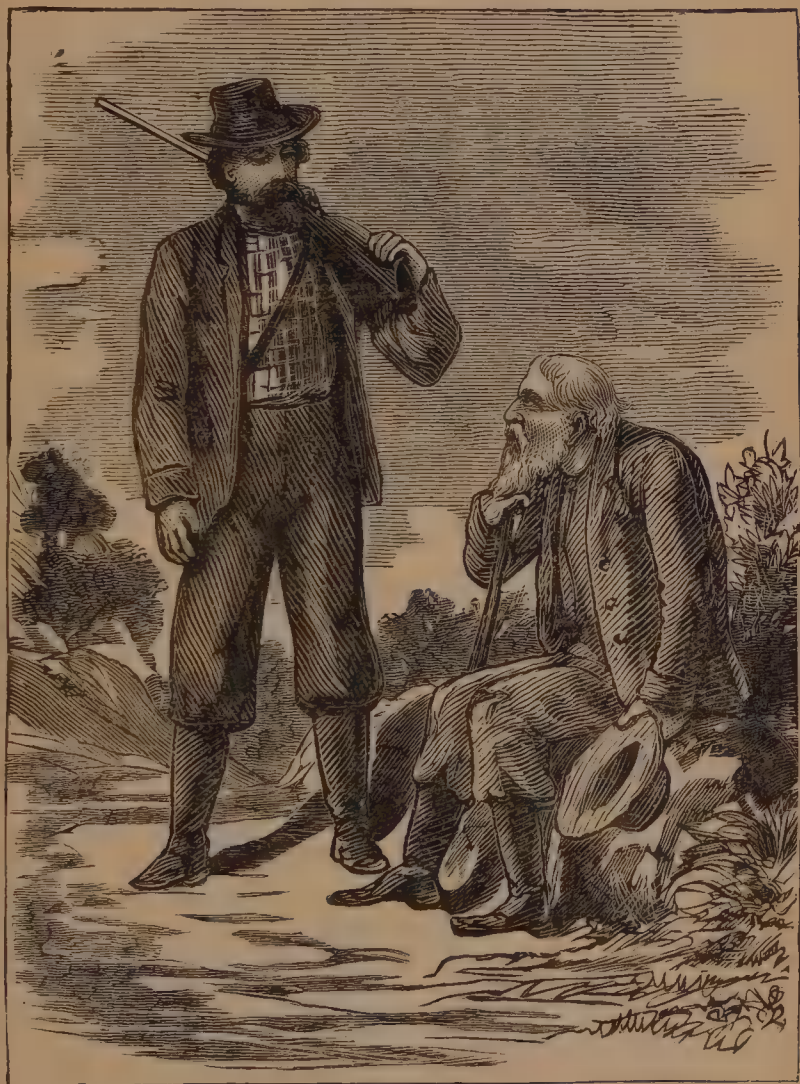
For he was care-worn and was old,
Nor could much longer live!
A tear came to his eye,
And he began to cry.

LIII.

I said, "Old man, why do you cry?
■ You have a friend in me;
I will your pressing wants supply,
In Christian charity!"
He started at the sound,
And with an air profound.

LIV.

"You are an odd one; yes, you are,"
Said he to me, "I know,
To take a stranger in your care,
Because he talks of woe,
And in these mines where wealth,
May be for all with health."



001 15-1

LV.

I said, "Health, Sir, is not for you,
Deep grief is on your brow;
If I a Christian part can do,
Command my service now!"
He looked at me and smiled,
Then said, "Odd child, odd child!"

LVI.

For then I was in Manhood's morn,
And bore my heart in hand;
The old man by ill usage torn,
My sympathies command!
He pressed my hand and said,
"Far better off the dead."

LVII.

He told me of a subtle cheat,
The money he had lost;

The Winter's cold, the Summer's heat,
And all which it had cost !
Him here to come and be,
Upon my charity.

LVIII.

He sat him down upon a stone,
And heaved a touching sigh ;
He said he felt in life alone,
The tears ran from his eye !
I said, "I am your friend ;
Be sorrow at an end."

LIX.

He did not seem to heed my words,
His hoary head it drooped,
And all I from him ever heard,
Was, as I slightly stooped —
"I am an odd, odd man,
My life — without a plan."

LX.

He spoke no more, but ceased to breathe;

His head fell on his breast;

And I alone was by to grieve,

For age gone to its rest!

I neither sighed nor wept,

But my word with him kept.

LXI.

Here were two oddities, I own,

In age wide, wide apart;

From him all of this earth had flown,

But I was light of heart!

Yet that old man he taught,

Me many a sad, sad thought.

LXII.

He taught me to look forward to,

The time when e'en as he,

I might through cheats myself undo,
And plead for charity!
I've odder grown since then,
I've seen so much of men.

LXIII.

And women, too, I've come to know,
And odd enough some are,
But take them as a whole, I bow,
To much in them that's fair!
If odd or even still,
I love them with a will.

LXIV.

I see how life bears hardly down,
Upon their bleeding hearts;
I see how laws upon them frown,
In all their various parts!
And when a woman's odd,
The cause I place with God.

LXV.

Were this a world where Justice reigns,
If men to men were kind,
We'd have in woman less of stain,
And more of honest mind!
She'd be to man for aye,
The best of company.

LXVI.

But as the world is ordered now,
Regardless of her tears,
The shade will gather on her brow,
And darkly glide her years!
And she will odd become,
And social pleasures shun.

LXVII.

So, too, the man who bends his wit,
To earn and keep a home,

When from some cause he loses it,
And is compelled to roam!
He, too, an odd fit takes,
And swears that all are snakes.

LXVIII.

Ah, Grief, the heritage of all!
It blasts the world, my friends,
It casts upon the soul a pall,
To oddity it tends!
When Grief has given a blow,
How changed the fairest brow.

LXIX.

Oh, tell me not that Grief is well,
I hate its dismal sight;
It is on Earth our only hell,
The least of all that's right!
Yet when it comes I see,
In it the Deity.

LXX.

He loves us, and he smites us oft,
To teach us to beware,
How we too proudly bear aloft,
Our heads with haughty air!
He strikes, and we get odd,
Through argument with God.

LXXI.

This is the oddest of all odds,
To get a pique 'gainst Heaven;
'Tis surely peas without their pods,
And bread without its leaven!
For who can lessen sighs,
By being thus unwise?

LXXII.

He's odd, he's devilish odd indeed,
Say folks who've known him long;

He gives his cattle curious feed,
And curious is his song :
But still he pays his bills,
And keeps himself from ills.

LXXIII.

No matter what an oddity,
You may perchance become,
Keep free of shabby Poverty,
And also of the dun !
And you may much enjoy —
Though odd, you find employ.

LXXIV.

It's only those of slender purse,
Whose odd ways are a bore ;
You hear the rich not often cursed,
Though odd forevermore !
They never think to do,
A thing as I or you.

LXXV.

But they must be so very odd,
In every turn and gaze,
I sometimes think, when 'neath the sod,
They'll bear the oddest phase!
But what for them care we?
Ah, who would like them be!

LXXVI.

Yet do I wealth respect — 'tis power!
Though sadly oft misused;
In Church, and State, and Lady's bower,
'Tis everywhere abused!
The eye of Justice sees,
What oddities are these.

LXXVII.

The wife she has a whim or two,
She gladly would have pleased,

And so with these in constant view,
Her husband's ear is seized !
"My dear, you must do so ;
It is my wish, you know."

LXXVIII.

He turns about, and looks about,
Then to his wife he says,
"I cannot give you a rig out,
That you may make a blaze !
I won't — now that's enough ;
So stop your talk — you're rough."

LXXIX.

The wife, indignant at her Lord,
Disgusted says no more,
But swears if she could it afford,
She'd all her wants secure !
Then walking off, declares,
What oddities she bears.

LXXX.

And so she does, that's very true,
Yet odd though he may be,
He never fails to keep in view,
A home from debt all free!
He's not so sweet as some,
Yet all his work's well done.

LXXXI.

Now, friends, the odd you'll mostly find,
Attentive to their way,
And if they are not always kind,
They're pretty sure to pay!
They're prudent and oft wise —
Do not the odd despise.

LXXXII.

I knew a lady once most fond,
Of dogs of every breed,

But one alone she ever found,
To answer to her need !
She kept him by her side,
He was her dearest pride.

LXXXIII.

She never slept unless he lay,
Upon the floor near to ;
So through the night and thro' the day,
She had her dog in view !
And when he barked she'd say,
" Why, what's the matter, Bay ? "

LXXXIV.

For " Bay " — that was his name so fair,
(A bouncing, handsome dog)
Had long, and black, and curly hair,
And relished much a frog !
His mistress loved him well,
She loved his very yell.

LXXXV.

“How very odd!” exclaims a score,
Who thought the woman mad,
To constantly a brute endure,
When joyous, or when sad!
An oddity like this,
They thought — “Oh who would kiss,”

LXXXVI.

And why? because she hugged her dog,
And called him “handsome Bay,”
And took him out to catch a frog,
Each pleasant, beamy day!
They said, “Why, what a thing,
Herself so low to bring.”

LXXXVII.

Now she was odd and plucky, too;
She didn't care a fig,

What might of her be others' view,
She'd run her chosen rig!
And so the dog she kissed,
He wagged his tail as blessed.

LXXXVIII.

Dogs are a knowing sort of brute,
And gallant too are they;
They lay and listen to the lute,
When handsome women play!
And by their speaking eyes,
We know the lute is prized.

LXXXIX.

What wonder, then, that women love,
A handsome, knowing dog,
Who'll shop for them and get their glove,
And take them through a fog!
" 'Tis odd," some people say,
Because it's not their way.

XC.

Their way suits them, and so they think,
That it should pleasure all ;
Instead of roses take a pink,
Else, odd they you will call !
It vexes me at times,
Such stupid, narrow minds.

XCI.

Yet they are with us in the world,
We must their thinking bear,
And train ourselves to never scold,
When they assume pert air !
They'll talk themselves to rest,
If left to do their best.

XCII.

But some there are who're odd from spite ;
They go against all ways,

(If be they wrong or be they right),
That run not to their praise!
They are the Devil's own,
I'd pick with them no bone.

XCIII.

They live to run a tilt against,
All *they* do not devise,
And strike from off their social list,
All thought to be too wise!
For they dread being known,
Nor will their weakness own.

XCIV.

Confound the oddities of these,
They are a wicked bore;
At nothing are they ever pleased,
To nothing will they moor!
They drift about and swear,
That naught is sweet or fair.

XCv.

You see them in the halls of State,
 You see them on Exchange,
 You see them always in debate,
 Extensive is their range!
 All say of them, "Pshaw!
 They are not worth a straw."

XCvI.

Where we are odd from sense of right,
 And not from love of wrong,
 There is a never failing light,
 Which to these odd belong!
 They see their way so clear,
 They've nothing much to fear.

XCvII.

But 'tis not so with th' basely odd,
 They stumble to their shame;

They live defiant of their God,
Regardless of his name!
It makes us sad to know,
There is in life such woe.

XCVIII.

In woman there is oft the sense,
Of withering neglect,
The consciousness that mere pretence,
Gets more than she — respect.
And so she's huffy, odd;
She doesn't like this rod.

XCIX.

Its blows are blows she cannot bear,
They touch her very heart;
Disgusted she has ceased to care,
What now may be her part!
She thinks there's little worth,
Respected on this earth.

C.

Perhaps she may have cherished one,
Unworthy of her care;
Some rollicking and heartless son,
With pretty eyes and hair!
She cherished but to sigh,
And reason lost well nigh.

CI.

"She's odd," they say; I wonder not,
By Heaven! who would not be?
So loving, yet so soon forgot,
By him from love so free!
She took him at his word;
It was in her absurd.

CII.

The men they are a curious set,
And are so odd at times,

That women can't but have a fret,
Though sweet be lovers' rhymes!
They don't know what they want;
'Tis with them *shall* and *shan't*.

CIII.

I would not be a woman — no!
Though lovely were my charms,
Since rarely 'tis they ever know,
Whom fold they in their arms!
If odd their husbands are,
'Tis never ending war!

CIV.

For women when they get up fire,
Can drive the matter well,
And once in blast they never tire,
As husbands singed can tell!
Their odd and even game,
Is a consuming flame.

CV.

But marriage, though to all a dream,
Of joy but rarely found,
Is yet a sweet and holy theme,
To which each heart is bound !
We cannot but desire,
That true love will inspire.

CVI.

But true love is an accident,
It happens now and then ;
By Heaven's Angels it is sent,
As incense unto men !
Who, who has felt its power,
Nor blessed that sacred hour ?

CVII.

But most who, as Jack Tar would say,
"Get spliced for jolly times,"

To other loves soon find their way,
And come at length to crimes !
'Tis said of them, "How queer ;
They won't, they can't cohere."

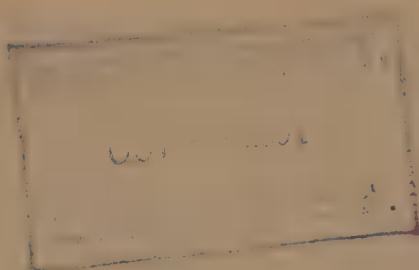
CVIII.

These oddities — they strew Life's shore,
With human wrecks too sad,
And many are a fearful bore,
And many are half mad !
Yet Life is not all so,
We've joys untouched by woe.

CIX.

Yet fears are ever in the breast,
These joys may sometimes fade ;
That they may only briefly last,
And only briefly aid !
Such thoughts as these they make,
Some folks to odd ways take.





CX.

They are an author's lasting curse —
The curse of all who aim,
By any art in prose or verse,
To keep alive their fame!
They fear their wit may strand,
So on Volcanoes stand.

CXI.

How many, many have gone down,
Before the Public's sneer,
And in seclusion have they found,
The solace of a tear!
Such odd ones never were,
Who once made such a stir!

CXII.

They've tasted of the cup of Fame,
No longer at the lip;

They've learned how transient is a name,
How easy 'tis to slip!
And so they're odd because,
They think they have good cause.

CXIII.

But have they, friends, a reason fair,
For being short with all,
Because the "generous public" stare,
And giggle at their fall!
Cracking oft times their jokes,
At these — the oddest folks?

CXIV.

I'd warn you, if you'd not be odd,
To seek not public praise,
But treasure most the smile of God,
And shrewdly guard your ways!
Applause is well enough,
And so's a pinch of snuff.

CXV.

But let us not too much desire,
To win a name for wit,
But tend with careful hand its fire,
And sometimes smoulder it!
For if on Earth is woe,
You'll find it here, I know.

CXVI.

There are who from a sense of grief,
At want of notice sweet,
In solitude alone, relief
Can find for weary feet!
Sequestered thus they live,
Nor will mankind forgive.

CXVII.

“How devilish odd!” mankind exclaims,
“To go to grass so soon,

Because they missed of highest fame,
And clouds came o'er their noon!"
The world it giggles much,
At oddities of such.

CXVIII.

Because it understands the whys,
And wherefores of their mood,
It has most wakeful, searching eyes,
On those by it unwooded!
Who lives to win its praise,
Of pluck must make a raise.

CXIX.

If pushed aside and worried down,
By foes of every dye,
They should not at their fortune frown,
But keep a laughing eye!
Yet it is hard to be,
O'er such fate in good glee.

CXX.

But what's the use of sighing, friends,
Though hard our lot to bear?
This sighing only ever tends,
To crush us with despair!
If odd we wish to be,
From sorrowing let's be free.

CXXI.

Tears thin the cheeks, they dim the eye,
They make the hair turn gray,
And all those dismal thoughts supply,
Which chase sweet hope away!
Give, then, your minds to joy,
Be girl at times and boy.

CXXII.

You may be odd; well, what of that,
If you are even, too?

Though oddity is called a brat,

It is unknown to few !

Near all are odd at times ;

E'en Nature so inclines.

CXXIII.

Odd folks are as the sands which lay,

Along the ocean shore ;

They cross us in our walks each day,

At three and at fourscore !

I would not give a pin,

For one not classed herein.

CXXIV.

Whoever has a noble soul,

And feels how deeply sin,

Pervades this ever present whole,

To odd fits will fall in !

There's no escape for these,

In oddity's their ease.

CXXV.

But there are those of whom 'tis said,

“Oh, they are never odd!”

I pity such; their hearts nor heads,

Do honor man nor God!

Where wit and power abides,

There oddity resides.

CXXVI.

There are who never stop to think,

In mingling with mankind;

There is but an imperfect link,

Between most mind and mind!

And when they don't agree,

It's curséd oddity!

CXXVII.

Well now, there's nothing odd in this;

'Tis natural to be,

A little cautious what we kiss,
With what we may agree!
We cannot love nor like,
As we would build a dike.

CXXVIII.

We love and like as we perceive,
In others what we prize;
We love and like as we receive,
Impressions from their eyes!
Oh, if their souls seem pure,
We cling to them the more.

CXXIX.

But purity is not all sweet;
It sometimes is so odd,
We do not care to often meet,
It on Life's weary road!
We say they're good, but odd,
And leave them to their God.

CXXX.

But odd or even, still I find,
In life enough to cheer;
There is for any human mind,
No ever sunless year!
Many we shall meet,
We do not care to greet.

CXXXI.

But there are still enough to love,
Enough to love and kiss;
'Tis not perhaps ■ perfect love,
Since few can compass this!
But yet it is a joy,
To man as well as boy.

CXXXII.

It smooths the rugged way of life,
It nerves us to pursue,

With steady step through every strife,
What we regard as *True!*
This love — it is a thing,
Whence roses often spring.

CXXXIII.

Those roses which upon the soul,
Their fragrance daily shed,
And aid us to endure the world,
Whence much of Truth has fled!
A sphere of rare delight,
In oddity's despite!

CXXXIV.

Then let us, friends, as we survey,
Ourselves and all without,
Be very careful what we say,
Of "odd folks" on the route —
Since we have seen that all,
We somewhat odd may call.

CXXXV.

But let us in our lives be fair,
In Charity abound!
And let us ever kindly share,
The sorrows Life surround!
We should not live to die,
Free of another's sigh.

CXXXVI.

But entering boldly on the field,
There do the best we can,
And in the name of *Mercy* wield,
Our wit in love of man!
For he, though very odd,
Is yet the work of God.

CXXXVII.

All, all is Heaven's! let's find no fault,
With aught it has designed,

But strive our passions to exalt,

To elevate the Mind !

Both odd and even then,

Will be much better men.

TO MADEMOISELLE MARIE S****U.

I.

I THINK of thee, Marie,
Every day of my life;
By these thoughts I tarry —
Sweet friend, if not wife!
And I pray to be guided,
Aright o'er the Sea,
Whereon hearts are divided,
By storms which may be!

II.

I think of thee, Marie,
As ■ beautiful dream,

Which makes me so happy —
 'Tis a dear, constant theme!
 But the shadows of fear,
 They mantle my soul,
 And unbidden a tear,
 Will adown my cheeks roll!

III.

I think of thee, Marie,
 As a smile on my way;
 Thy sweet features I carry,
 In my thoughts every day!
 But I fear, oh, I fear,
 Some other will be,
 In thy friendship more near,
 More needed by thee!

IV.

I think of thee, Marie,
 As ■ charm o'er my life,

As a joy I would marry,
 If sure of no strife!
 But how many the hearts,
 Broken badly by love,
 And how sad are their parts,
 Through this "tie from above!"

v.

I think of thee, Marie;
 And I ask if 'tis well,
 For those ever to marry,
 Who if bound would rebel?
 And I say to myself,
 "I'll not *press* her to this,
 But rest with the wealth,
 Of her dear, darling kiss!"

WHAT PAYS?

(VERSES WRITTEN AT ROUNDHILL WATER CURE,
NORTHAMPTON, MASS., WHILE THE AU-
THOR WAS A PATIENT THERE.)



DEDICATION.



TO MY ESTEEMED FRIEND,

WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE FOSDICK, Esq.,

THIS VERSE IS INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR.

WHAT PAYS?



I.

THE World is full of beauty,
But few there are to *love*,
Since few regard their duty,
A mission from above!
It's live in an easy way;
It's dodge if we can't pay.

II.

The World is full of beauty,
Of sorrow and of song,

But few regard their duty,
Nor love to labor long!
It's live in an easy way;
It's how to get on, nor pay.

III.

The World is full of beauty,
Of Genius and its power,
Yet few regard their duty,
Nor tend with care this flower!
They laugh and let it die,
And oft with tearless eye.

IV.

The World is full of beauty,
In Nature and in Art,
But few are up to duty,
Nor act ■ kindly part!
It's grab all we can every day;
Its meanly for service to pay.

V.

The World is full of beauty,
By Science fair revealed;
Still few are true to duty,
Hearts wounded go unhealed!
The many shirk all they can,
Nor seek to ennoble man.

VI.

The just and generous weep to know,
The sweeping curse of *crime*,
But in submission humbly bow,
To that the growth of Time!
They speak the truth each day,
Yet get for it poor pay.

VII.

Still do they trust in Holy Writ,
The safest guide for Man,

And hope, despite the Deist's wit,
In its Redemption plan!
And by it live each day,
For it is found to pay.

VIII.

It pays not as a "sale of stocks,"
Or Cotton, Silk, or Gold,
Which Honesty too often mocks,
As useless and as old!
But yet it pays each day,
For it is Honor's way!

IX.

And Honor is the wheat of thought;
Without it Love is not;
For human nature then is brought,
To curse its bitter lot!
The mean — who cares when death,
May stop their hateful breath?

X.

They pass away, and none exclaim,
 “Ah, gone is now my friend!”
They pass away, and none shall name,
 With grief their welcomed end!
 And so they die who pay,
 But little love away.

XI.

But mark how round the noble soul,
 The forms of Sorrow bend,
As it approaches to the goal,
 Where Angel forms attend!
 How each eye dims with tears,
 And this true soul reveres.

XII.

For one has gone unto the halls,
 The silent halls of Death,

The memory of whose life recalls,
Love's deeds with every breath !
Ah, does it not well pay,
To take the noble way ?

XIII.

The noble way of doing well,
As we have means to do —
It's happiness — Ah, who may tell,
Since noble are so few ?
He is the noble man,
Who lifts whene'er he can.

XIV.

He is the noble man whose life,
Combats for aye disease ;
Who patiently endures the strife,
Of living to give ease !
It does not always pay,
But 'tis to him Love's way.

XV.

He is the noble man who seeks,
Employment for his *heart*,
And boldly for the right e'er speaks,
And plays no trifter's part!
Who goes about each day,
His honorable way.

XVI.

She is the noble woman, too,
Who stoops not to employ,
Those silly arts so very few,
Can really e'er enjoy!
She lives to love and do;
She sees like her but few.

XVII.

Indeed there are too few who prize,
The joys of doing well;

They paint their cheeks and glance their
And live but to be belle! [eyes,
They think it only pays,
In vice to pass their days.

XVIII.

If there were many, not a few,
Living to God alone,
This Earth its golden age anew,
Would speedily enthrone!
Then would it always pay,
With Truth to make our way.

XIX.

The golden age, when each to each,
Were frank, and trustful, kind,
May ne'er return, and vain the search,
Perhaps, to justice find!
Yet will it ever pay,
To do some good each day.

XX.

If it be e'er so little, still,
If 'tis the best we can,
The deed proclaims a hearty will,
And honors much the man!
Let each a little do,
Of tears there'd be but few.

XXI.

It is from little things that grow,
The noblest moral worth;
It is from little things that flow,
The brightest streams of Earth!
It ever, ever pays,
To pass in truth our days.

XXII.

It pays to live upon Round Hill,
Renowned by Bancroft's Art!

Where tender youth continue still,
To form the mind and heart!
It pays to get our health;
There is no greater wealth.

XXIII.

Here we are steamed, and soaked, and washed,
Electrified and cupped;
By *douche* and *spray* are soaked and splashed,
On cereals dined and supped!
It pays to get our health;
It is the greatest wealth.

XXIV.

Here we are dosed with mountain air,
The elements combined;
Here we are under Halstead's care,
And to his rules confined!
He is a friend in need,
And such are friends indeed.



XXV.

If dosed by fire, and water, air,
 Won't build us up anew,
Then are the chances very fair,
 That nothing else will do!
 Then will it pay to die;
 Ill health is but a sigh.

XXVI.

Ah, Health! sweet Health! how lovely thou,
 Returning from away!
How bright thou sittest on that brow,
 Where once sat grim decay!
 It pays to welcome give,
 To thee who bids us live.

XXVII.

But Health, sweet Health! (e'en as the maid)
 Thou favorest most the *true*,

And readier seem to lend your aid,
To those who work for you!
Work, work we have to do,
To get good hold of you.

XXVIII.

But when secured, how well it pays,
To use its power again,
And back return to former ways,
And former hopes regain!
For this whom do we owe —
Friendship, or a foe?

XXIX.

We owe it to that sense which God,
Has planted in the heart,
Which prompts from duty and from love,
Some to the healing art!
They should not be forgot,
They happier make our lot.

XXX.

For all those varied walks on Earth,
Where noblest is man's care,
No other than a love of Truth,
Could prompt him to repair!
Heavy the weight he bears,
Crushing are his cares.

XXXI.

We are too apt to think such live,
Alone for sordid gain,
And are not over prone to give,
Them more than they retain!
They charge for what they do,
And so do I and you.

XXXII.

Some who in Science bless mankind,
And wait on others' woes,

E'en in an ample fortune find,
For them no sweet repose!
And yet we often say,
"How that man's labors pay!"

XXXIII.

There's some one ever at their side,
For guidance and relief;
A broken leg, or wounded pride,
Which pleads for some relief!
Their work is never done;
They work from sun to sun.

XXXIV.

These are the gifted souls which soar,
Above mere sensual life,
And would in search of truth explore,
Though Death attend the strife!
Ah, ask them if it pays,
And hear what genius says.

XXXV.

It tells us that its mission is,
To think for those who can't;
It tells us that its mission is,
To furnish every want!
To suffer and to die,
Too oft without Love's tie.

XXXVI.

The many comforts we enjoy,
Through *Science* and from *Art*,
And e'en the simple, childish toy,
Has marked some broken heart!
Some wit has thought them out,
To but enrich the lout!

XXXVII.

Some fellow, quick to see the way,
To turn wit's thoughts to gold,

Has found that it would greatly pay,
To get on them a hold!
And so the chap contrives,
And soon a bargain drives.

XXXVIII.

Genius, to study much inured,
Don't understand the way,
By which he best can be secured,
In thoughts he hopes may pay!
But, ah, the trading lout,
He knows what he's about!

XXXIX.

He talks such into selling him,
For an inferior sum,
All his right and title in,
These thoughts — and so “is done!”
By “done,” I mean he's fooled,
And by a sharper schooled.

XL.

It is too oft the fate of those,
With genius blessed or cursed,
From Poverty's eternal woes,
To go from bad to worst!
And when they have a thought,
'Tis by some sharper bought.

XLI.

'Tis bought, and fortunes oft are made,
Upon its single base,
While genius is consigned to shade,
To think again apace!
He thinks, he thinks, and sighs,
And wonders he's not wise.

XLII.

He sees erected on his powers,
Happy homes and hearts;

He sees for others bloom sweet flowers,
There's naught for him but darts!
They pierce his bosom deep,
Unquiet is his sleep.

XLIII.

"Thou fool!" 'tis often said of him,
Who labors thus in vain,
"Why dost thou for another spin,
Away thy subtle brain?"
He answers with a sigh,
"Indeed, I know not why."

XLIV.

Yet must he think, the power within,
Commands him to obey,
And whether he may lose or win,
His genius will have way!
On Earth he is a power,
Though sad to him each hour.

XLV.

The life of such, if wise or not,
Is yet a life of trust,
Nor should their welfare be forgot,
Nor rudely placed their dust!
For Heaven gave to them,
Its bright, oft fatal gem.

XLVI.

The sorrows which 'tis theirs to know,
In Poverty or Wealth;
The burning thoughts, the silent woe,
Their often feeble health! —
These, these demand our care,
For Sorrows hard to bear.

XLVII.

A genius with its pensive mind,
And oft satanic pride,

Will rarely consolation find,
While on Life's sweeping tide!
In gold it does not see,
The charms so dear to thee.

XLVIII.

It cannot oft explain its sighs,
They are an inborn part,
And whether acting mean or wise,
In sorrow beats the heart!
There is no end to pain;
To them all joy is vain.

XLIX.

Now think you genius pays, my friends,
With money or without?
Still are there those who will contend,
Wits have a joyous lot!
If so, they yet are green,
And have but little seen.

L.

I've witnessed in my time consumed,
By passion's raging sway,
And early borne to be entombed,
The wittiest of their day!
They looked, and saw in life,
No love without its strife.

LI.

All, all was nothingness to them;
They labored in disgust,
Discovered flaws in every gem,
And found no heart to trust!
They bent before the blast,
And died from grief, at last.

LII.

Such powers of thought are envied oft,
In gentle Art and Law,

But they who envy these are soft,
Soft at the very core !
They have to learn this truth,
That all seems fair to youth.

LIII.

The gifts which culture long and wise,
To Fame may proudly bear,
Are coveted by those whose eyes,
Are dazzled by their glare !
But all this is a show,
And nothing else but woe.

LIV.

The happiest are the least possessed,
Of Genius' ceaseless sigh ;
The happiest are the least in quest,
Of public hiss or eye !
'They're those who get their bread,
Where least of them is said.

LV.

The sweet and soothing kiss of love,
Which sanctifies their cot,
Will ever in its sweetness prove,
To them a happy lot!
They need not sigh for fame;
Ah, 'tis a losing game.

LVI.

But only have they cause to sigh,
When Envy moves the mind,
Because they seem not quite so high,
As Genius oft they find!
But Genius laughs at these,
Much more than it at ease.

LVII.

It pays, then, only in this world,
To live to *Nature true* —

To never act the prude or churl,
But keep sweet truth in view!
To study to be wise,
And every virtue prize.

LVIII.

It pays to love the beautiful,
To worship at its shrine;
It pays to be most dutiful,
And nurture thoughts divine!
Yes, yes, this pays, my friends;
To peace, to peace it tends.

LIX.

It pays to be a Christian true,
In action always just;
It pays to think o'er life anew,
To ponder we are dust!
It ever pays to mind,
Our business and be kind.

LX.

But some there are who never seem,
So happy as when by,
To talk of another's business,
Tell of another's sigh!
They think it pays so well,
To tales of others tell.

LXI.

But does it pay to poke one's nose,
Where noses should not be,
Or, every courteous act oppose,
Or, be with all too free?
Methinks it does not pay,
To live in this mean way.

LXII.

But it does pay to dot our i's,
To cross our t's with care;

It likewise pays to ne'er despise,
The grieved with lowly air;
Since all may come to woe —
Who won't, but God can know.

LXIII.

It pays to breathe the bracing air,
Of this enchanting spot,
Where Nature laughs away despair,
And much of Pain's forgot!
Yes, yes, it pays quite well,
These hill tops and this dell.

LXIV.

It pays to hear the rustling leaves,
With which the breezes play;
Our hearts an impulse kind receives,
From Nature's sports each day!
We do not think the while,
How much these scenes beguile.

LXV.

They cheat us out of many a sigh,
They lead us to forget,
That Life has aught to make us cry,
Or aught to make us fret!
Still, fretting seems to be,
With some a sort of glee.

LXVI.

It pays to say unto the fair,
Some sweet and pretty things,
To get of them some locks of hair,
And braid them into rings!
And put these rings away,
To cheer the heart some day.

LXVII.

For, oh, when we by chance have met,
Those honored for their worth,

We part with them with deep regret,
The beautiful of Earth!
Something of theirs we prize:
Their memory never dies.

LXVIII.

It pays to know Miss Hattie Hall,
The Matron of the Cure,
Who's ever ready at each call,
To do for aches the more!
She looks a thing of Truth;
How fair her genial youth!

LXIX.

It pays to know the chambermaids,
Who keep our rooms so clean;
And though they're Halstead's humble aids,
They figure on the scene!
They help to get us health,
And that we know is wealth.

LXX.

Their lungs, it's true, are heavy charged,
And make a glorious roar ;
Their limbs, 'tis plain, are stout and large,
And tread with life the floor !
But yet they do for us,
Without much useless fuss.

LXXI.

I was by one of them beset,
Not many days ago,
But quietly I bore her fret,
And heard her tale of woe !
She came at me with eyes,
All blazing with surprise.

LXXII.

Said she, "Oh, Sir, this Biddy here,
Is tazing me to death ;

And by me sowl, I'll no more hear;
She'll taze away my breath!
The nasty thing indade,
My rights to dare invade!"

LXXIII.

"She says the lamp she's got for you,
Is not the lamp at all;
That I have kept away from you,
The pretty lamp and all!
Well now, I say she lies,
And faith I her despise!"

LXXIV.

"Oh, by me sowl, I wish the thing,
Would never taze me so;
For by me sowl, it will me bring,
Like all the rest, to woe!
Och, and by me sowl,
I hate the nasty growl!"



RECEIVED
OCT 15 1891
LIBRARY

LXXV.

“Now do ye not, my good Sir, think,
The lamp you have is fine?
Oh, do you not, my good Sir, think,
She wants too much too shine?
The nasty thing — bah, ha,
I wish the devil had her!”

LXXVI.

“Hold, hold!” I said, “my Biddy dear,
I am a nervous man;
I cannot have a row in here —”
“Indade,” she said, “who can?”
Said I, “The lamp will do —
The lamp I have from you.”

LXXVII.

So Biddy with her speckled face,
And eyes to redness wrought,

Made from my room with even pace,
And with a calmer thought !
She said, " Indade, Sir, I
Would all your wants supply."

LXXVIII.

It pays, my friends, to keep thus cool,
As round us passions play ;
He is the most unhappy fool,
Who will have out his say !
No matter when and where,
Nor who may pull his hair.

LXXIX.

Oh, some there are whose souls are filled,
With fight each passing hour,
And in their sleep, the passion still,
Has all its striking power !
You'll see them hitting out,
To knock the air about.

LXXX.

They think 'tis brave in them to be,
All ready for a muss;
There is for them no better glee,
Than stirring up a fuss!
They're spoiling for a fight,
If be they wrong or right.

LXXXI.

They think it pays to break a head,
If they can't break a heart;
And so they pile up high the dead,
And glory in their art!
To fight they think is wise;
The peaceful they despise.

LXXXII.

But peace pays better far than war,
In kitchen, field, or school;

It is that bright and lovely star,
So jeered at by the fool!
Still, we must never bear,
Too much to break or wear.

LXXXIII.

We must defend our rights and loves, —
This we are bound to do, —
Nor handle those with padded gloves,
Who'd get us in a stew!
Sometimes we must deal blows,
And smash some person's nose!

LXXXIV.

But let us do it not in hate,
But more in sorrow deep;
Oh, let us in our acts be great,
A quiet conscience keep!
Ah, this — it pays so well,
I have not words to tell.

LXXXV.

It pays to check our wish to know,
Of that beyond our power ;
It pays submissively to bow,
To Him who rules each hour !
The vail we cannot draw ;
We cannot change this law.

LXXXVI.

In Learning's ranks are many fools,
Whom study has misled ;
They've journeyed through the many schools,
Fair Wisdom's home, 'tis said !
But they have worked their brains,
To little actual gains.

LXXXVII.

To know ! that is the only art,
They seem to think a joy ;

The student's is the only part,
Which can their minds employ!
They muse away their days,
Which never, never pays.

LXXXVIII.

Their Metaphysics are a bore,
Their teachings are all air;
There's nothing solid at the core,
Though much without is fair!
I do not think it pays,
To venture in these ways.

LXXXIX.

The only ways upon this Earth,
All worthy of our step,
Are those which bring us unto Truth,
By Sorrow least beset!
Those truths which give us power,
To get our bread each hour.

XC.

What matters it how grows the tree,

How particles combine?

What boots it unto you or me,

How formed were God and Time!

It matters not how came,

The element of rain.

XCI.

Ah, can it pay to seek to pass,

The confines of the Mind,

And with a morbid wit, alas,

To grasp and nothing find?

No, no, it does not pay,

To wear life thus away.

XCII.

It pays to think of only that,

Which can our being *bless*!

It pays to make a tasty hat,
Or cut and make a dress!
To do as well as think;
Life's more than pen and ink.

XCIII.

It pays the best of all to live,
In harmony with Man,
And of our bounty oft to give,
And oft for Truth to plan!
It will you pay, I know,
If I stop here and go.

XCIV.

But ere I go, a few words more —
I must not John forget,
So tall, and slender, and demure,
So rarely in a fret!
He packs us snug away,
And says the pack will pay.

XCV.

I sometimes think, when in his power,
Thus stowed away so close,
That swifter glides the current hour,
Than when I am let loose :
Although I rarely sweat,
I'm always in a heat.

XCVI.

These packs, they are a glorious squeeze ;
I love their dear embrace ;
I love to lay and take my ease,
And gaze upon John's face !
For John has some good looks,
And John is fond of books.

XCVII.

Ah, have you never, when the spray,
Has come against your breast,

Thought sometimes that it did not pay,
To be just then undressed?
And have you not away,
Soon hopped from out the spray?

XCVIII.

Yet it is better to be shocked,
By water pure and cold,
Than by a bullet to be knocked,
Or, by an ugly scold!
The one don't pay at all,
The other pays in full.

XCIX.

Ah, have you never, in the bath,
Called *Turkey*, felt a heat,
And have you never been in wrath,
To feel your temples beat?
Yet *Halstead* says it pays,
To be in such a blaze.

C.

I well remember when I first,
The awful glow endured,
I thought my heaving head would burst,
And that I should "be floored!"
Now, being floored don't pay,
In bath or in a fray.

CI.

But in or out of health, 'tis *sweat*,
Sweat for our daily bread,
And most of us will boiling heat,
Encounter until dead!
To ashes we shall burn,
By heat to Earth return.

CII.

Now, does this heat pay any one?
Ah, yes, 'tis life to all!

In steaming bath or genial sun,

By heat we rise or fall!

Yes, heat is life alone;

See Death! when it has gone.

CIII.

So heat up, friends, heat up, I say,

By Turkey or by pack;

Yes, dare the douche and dare the spray,

And bravely bare your back!

It pays to live, yes, yes,

For all beyond is guess.

CIV.

It pays upon the Ocean wave,

In some fine ship to sail,

And from the briny deep to save,

The foundered in a gale!

The Sea! the Sea! I own

A fondness for thy foam.

CV.

It is to me a glorious sight,
When howls the tempest loud,
To see the flying ship delight,
To chase the angry cloud!
To see the lightning's flash,
To hear the thunder's crash.

CVI.

In this reflected is the *Mind*,
Which formed, gave life to thee;
In this we never fail to find,
The impress of Eternity!
I think it always pays,
To contemplate God's ways.

CVII.

The *Poet*, for his love of this,
God's art and wondrous power,

Is by the worldling often hissed,
And sneered at every hour!
The practical — they say,
Such fellows never pay.

CVIII.

They're sighing and they're singing when
They should not cast away,
To such a childish, foolish end,
Their brief and precious day!
But what says he who sees,
So much in thought to please?

CIX.

He says, "My soul is wrapped in Love,
For Beauty's every form;
My thoughts, directed from above,
Cannot from Art be torn!"
He lives to think of Truth,
To picture forth its worth!

CX.

If he cannot a spade or hoe,
Or surgeon's knife use well,
He can by *Art* sweet beauty show,
Which casts a magic spell!
Oh, does it not well pay,
To study Beauty's way?

CXI.

Are those so skilled in manual work,
And none too honest trade,
Who're posted in the grades of Pork,
And know how things are made! —
Are they the mighty whole,
Should they alone control?

CXII.

Forbid it, Heaven! let *Art* still live,
For those who love thee best,

And if the Poet does not thrive,
He will by some be blessed !
For there are those who prize,
The Poet's heart and eyes.

CXIII.

They love him for his power to say,
What they intensely feel ;
They love him for his quiet way,
For all he may reveal,
Of Truth in any phase —
They think the Poet pays.

CXIV.

But Poets must not look beyond,
The circles of the *true*,
To find to their great Art respond,
Or any kind review !
The mass will ever say,
A Poet does not pay.

CXV.

Now, friends, I grant there is some truth,
In this opinion harsh,
For middle age, as well as youth,
Will write less sense than trash!
And call it poetry —
From this we would be free.

CXVI.

But there are noble words which breathe,
And thoughts that ever burn,
Which Genius in its glow conceives,
That none should dare to spurn!
Such Otway wrote and died,
His wants all unsupplied.

CXVII.

What know such minds of else than Art,
The power of song supreme!

How mean in action is their part,
Yet noble is their dream !
As all beneath its spell,
Do e'er delight to tell.

CXVIII.

Who has not Shakspeare thought divine,
When weeping at his wit,
As he presents the heart inclined,
By passions ruling it ?
Oh, does it not well pay,
To see Will Shakspeare's play ?

CXIX.

All are not Shakspeares — no, indeed —
Though Poets still abound,
And some there are far gone to seed,
While yet their wit is sound !
It won't, however, pay ;
Some Shakspeare's in the way.

CXX.

But that one's soul must live in song,
If paid for, or if not;
It cannot mingle with the throng,
Or bear a meaner lot!
Its pride of song denies,
There's aught but song to prize.

CXXI.

And so the world wags on to-day,
As it has wagged for aye;
The Muses often are poor pay,
And meanly homes supply!
Where their dear loves may be,
In silent misery.

CXXII.

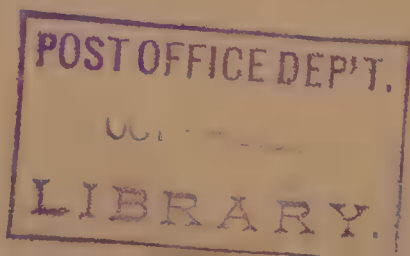
And now, my patient friends, 'tis time,
For me to cease my strain;

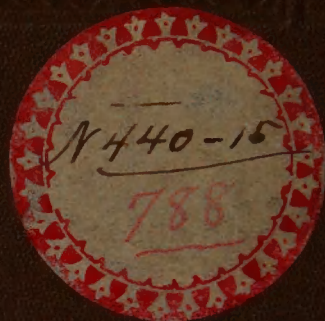
You will, I hope, find in my rhyme,
No foolish thoughts and vain!
For I don't think it pays,
To fool away our days.

CXXIII.

Good night — a sweet good night to all!
May Slumber's gentle hand,
Cast o'er your eyes its silken pall,
And dreams invite most bland!
And may you sometimes think of me,
As I shall ever think of thee!
Yes, think of him in passing days,
Who tells you what it is best pays;
And may you ever prize the true!
Then Peace, sweet Peace, shall be for you.
Ah, this it is that pays;
It consecrates our days.

May, 1866.





N 440-15

788